

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE GOOD MEN OF CLAPHAM.

1. *The Life of Isaac Milner, D. D., F. R. S., Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge; comprising a portion of his Correspondence and other Writings, hitherto unpublished.* By his Niece, MARY MILNER. 8vo. London.
2. *Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth.* By his Son, LORD TEIGNMOUTH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

IN one of those collections of Essays which have recently been detached from the main body of this journal, (we following herein the policy of Constantine and of Charlemagne, when dividing their otherwise too extensive empires into distinct though associated sovereignties,) there occur certain pleasant allusions, already rendered obscure by the lapse of time, to a religious sect or society, which, as it appears, was flourishing in this realm in the reign of George III. What subtle theories, what clouds of learned dust, might have been raised by future Bingham's, and Du Pins yet unborn, to determine what was *The Patent Christianity*, and what *The Clapham Sect* of the nineteenth century, had not the fair and the noble authors before us appeared to dispel, or at least to mitigate, the darkness! Something, indeed, had been done aforetime. The antiquities of Clapham, had they not been written in the *Britannia* of Mr. Lyons? Her beauties, had they not inspired the muse of Mr. Robbins? But it was reserved for Mrs. Milner, and for Lord Teignmouth, to throw such light on her social and ecclesiastical state as will render our facetious colleague * intelligible to future generations. Treading in their steps, and aided by their information, it shall be our endeavor to clear up still more fully, for the benefit of ages yet to come, this passage in the ecclesiastical history of the age which has just passed away.

Though living amidst the throes of empires, and the fall of dynasties, men are not merely warriors and politicians. Even in such times they buy and sell, build and plant, marry and are given in marriage. And thus it happened, that during the war with revolutionary France, Henry Thornton, the then representative in Parliament of the borough of Southwark, having become a husband, became also the owner of a spacious mansion on the confines of the villa-cinctured common of Clapham.

It is difficult to consider the suburban retirement of a wealthy banker esthetically (as the Germans have it;) but, in this instance, the intervention of William Pitt imparted some dignity to an occur-

rence otherwise so unpoetical. He dismissed for a moment his budgets and his subsidies, for the amusement of planning an oval saloon to be added to this newly-purchased residence. It arose at his bidding, and yet remains, perhaps, a solitary monument of the architectural skill of that imperial mind. Lofty and symmetrical, it was curiously wainscotted with books on every side, except where it opened on a far-extended lawn, reposing beneath the giant arms of aged elms and massive tulip-trees.

Few of the designs of the great minister were equally successful. Ere many years had elapsed, the chamber he had thus projected, became the scene of enjoyments which amidst his proudest triumphs, he might well have envied, and witnessed the growth of projects more majestic than any which ever engaged the deliberations of his cabinet. For there, at the close of each succeeding day, drew together a group of playful children, and with them a knot of legislators, rehearsing, in sport or earnestly, some approaching debate; or travelers from distant lands; or circumnavigators of the worlds of literature and science; or the pastor of the neighboring church, whose look announced him as the channel through which benedictions passed to earth from heaven; and, not seldom, a youth who listened, while he seemed to read the book spread out before him. There also was still a matronly presence, controlling, animating, and harmonizing the elements of this little world, by a kindly spell, of which none could trace the working, though the charm was confessed by all. Dissolved in endless discourse, or rather in audible soliloquy, flowing from springs deep and inexhaustible, the lord of this well-peopled enclosure rejoiced over it with a contagious joy. In a few paces, indeed, he might traverse the whole extent of that patriarchal dominion. But within those narrow precincts were his porch, his studio, his judgment-seat, his oratory, and "the church that was in his house,"—the reduced, but not imperfect resemblance of that innumerable company which his Catholic spirit embraced and loved, under all the varying forms which conceal their union from each other, and from the world. Discord never agitated that tranquil home; lassitude never brooded over it. Those demons quailed at the aspect of a man in whose heart peace had found a resting-place, though his intellect was incapable of repose.

Henry was the second son of John Thornton, a merchant, renowned in his generation for a munificence more than princely, and commended to the reverence of posterity by the letters and the poetry of Cowper. The father was one of those true men, in whom the desire to relieve distress assumes the form of a master passion; and if faith

* The Rev. Sydney Smith.

be true to tradition, he indulged it with a disdain, alternately ludicrous and sublime, of the good advice which the eccentric have to undergo from the judicious. Conscious of no aims but such as might invite the scrutiny of God and man, he pursued them after his own fearless fashion—yielding to every honest impulse, relishing a frolic when it fell in his way, choosing his associates in scorn of mere worldly precepts, and worshipping with any fellow-Christian whose heart beat in unison with his own, however inharmonious might be some of the articles of their respective creeds.

His son was the heir of his benevolence, but not of his peculiarities. If Lavater had been summoned to divine the occupation of Henry Thornton, he would probably have assigned to him the highest rank among the judges of his native land. Brows capacious and serene, a scrutinizing eye, and lips slightly separated, as of one who listens and prepares to speak, were the true interpreters of the informing mind within. It was a countenance on which were graven the traces of an industry alike quiet and persevering, of a self-possession unassailable by any strong excitement, and of an understanding keen to detect, and comprehensive to reconcile, distinctions. The judicial, like the poetical nature, is a birthright; and by that imprescriptible title he possessed it. Forensic debates were indeed beyond his province; but even in Westminster Hall, the noblest of her temples, Themis had no more devoted worshipper. To investigate the great controversies of his own and of all former times, was the chosen employment, to pronounce sentence in them the dear delight, of his leisure hours.

Nothing which fell within the range of his observation, escaped this curious inquiry. His own duties, motives, and habits, the characters of those whom he loved best, the intellectual resources and powers of his various friends and companions, the prepossessions, hereditary or conventional, to which he or they were subject, the maxims of society, the dogmas of the church, the problems which were engaging the attention of Parliament or of political economists, and those which affected his own enterprises—all passed in review before him, and were all in their turn adjudicated with the grave impartiality which the keeper of the great seal is expected to exhibit. Truth, the foe of falsehood—truth, the antagonist of error—and truth, the exorcist of ambiguity—was the object of his supreme homage; and so reverential were the vows offered by him at her shrine, that he abjured the communion of those less earnest worshippers, who throw over her the veil of fiction, or place her in epigrammatic attitudes, or disguise her beneath the mask of wit or drollery. To contemplate truth in the purest light, and in her own fair proportions, he was content that she should be unadorned by any beauties but such as belong to her celestial nature, and are inseparable from it. Hence his disquisitions did not always escape the

reproach of drought and tediousness, or avoided it only by the cheerful tone and pungent sense with which they were conducted. He had as little pretension to the colloquial eloquence as to the multifarious learning and transcendental revelations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet the pilgrimages to Clapham and to Highgate were made with riva-
zeal, and the relics brought back from each were regarded as of almost equal sanctity. If the philosophical poet dismissed his audience under the spell of theories compassing all knowledge, and of imagery peopling all space, the practical philosopher sent his hearers to their homes instructed in a doctrine cheerful, genial and active, a doctrine which taught them to be sociable and busy, to augment to the utmost of their power the joint stock of human happiness, and freely to take, and freely to enjoy, the share assigned to each by the conditions of that universal partnership. And well did the teacher illustrate his own maxims. The law of social duty, as expounded in his domestic academy, was never expounded more clearly or more impressively than by his habitual example.

Having inherited an estate, which, though not splendid, was enough for the support of his commercial credit, he adjudged that it ought never to be increased by accumulation, nor diminished by sumptuousness; and he lived and died in the rigid practice of this decision. In the division of his income between himself and the poor, the share he originally assigned to them was nearly six-sevenths of the whole; and as appeared after his death, from accounts kept with the most minute commercial accuracy, the amount expended by him in one of his earlier years, for the relief of distress, considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds. When he had become the head of a family, he reviewed this decree, and thenceforward regarded himself as a trustee for the miserable, to the extent only of one-third of his whole expenditure. The same faithful record showed that the smallest annual payment ever paid by him on this account, amounted to two thousand pounds. As a legislator, he had condemned the unequal pressure of the direct taxes on the rich and the poor; but instead of solacing his defeat with the narcotic of virtuous indignation combined with discreet parsimony, he silently raised his own contribution to the level of his speech. Tidings of the commercial failure of a near kinsman embarked him at once on an inquiry, how far he was obliged to indemnify those who might have given credit to his relative, in a reliance, however unauthorized, on his own resources; and again the coffers of the banker were unlocked by the astuteness of the casuist. A mercantile partnership, (many a year has passed since the disclosure could injure or affect any one,) which, without his knowledge, had obtained from his firm, large and improvident advances, became so hopelessly embarrassed, that their bankruptcy was pressed on him as the only chance of averting from his own house the most serious

disasters. He overruled the proposal, on the ground that they whose rashness had given to their debtors an unmerited credit, had no right to call on others to divide with them the consequent loss. To the last farthing he therefore discharged the liabilities of the insolvents, at a cost of which his own share exceeded twenty thousand pounds. Yet he was then declining in health, and the father of nine young children. Enamored of truth, the living spirit of justice, he yielded the allegiance of the heart to justice, the outward form of truth. The law engraven on the tablet of his conscience, and executed by the minister of his affections, was strictly interpreted by his reason as the supreme earthly judge. Whatever might be his topic, or whatever his employment, he never laid aside the ermine.

And yet, for more than thirty years, he was a member of the unreformed parliament, representing there that people, so few and singular, who dare to think, and speak, and act for themselves. He never gave one party vote, was never claimed as an adherent by any of the contending factions of his times, and, of course, neither won nor sought the favor of any. An impartial arbiter, whose suffrage was the honorable reward of superior reason, he sat apart and aloft, in a position which, though it provoked a splenetic sarcasm from Burke, commanded the respect even of those whom it rebuked.

To the great whig doctrines of peace, reform, economy, and toleration, he lent all the authority of his name, and occasionally the aid of his voice. But he was an infrequent and unimpressive speaker, and sought to influence the measures of his day rather by the use of his pen, than by any participation in its rhetoric. His writings, moral, religious, and political, were voluminous, though destitute of any such mutual dependence as to unite them into one comprehensive system; or any such graces of execution as to obtain for them permanent acceptance. But in a domestic liturgy, composed for the use of his own family, and made public after his death, he encountered, with as much success as can attend it, the difficulty of finding thoughts and language meet to be addressed by the ephemeral dwellers on the earth to Him who inhabiteth eternity. It is simple, grave, weighty, and reverential: and forms a clear, though a faint, and subdued, echo of the voice in which the Deity has revealed his sovereign will to man. That will he habitually studied, adored, and labored to adopt. Yet his piety was reserved and unobtrusive. Like the life-blood throbbing in every pulse and every fibre, it was the latent though perennial source of his mental health and energy.

A peace, perfect and unbroken, seemed to possess him. His tribute of pain and sorrow was paid with a submission so tranquil, as sometimes to assume the appearance of a morbid insensibility. But his affections, unimpaired by lawless indulgence,

and constant to their proper objects, were subject to a control to be acquired by no feeblér discipline. Ills from without assailed him, not as the gloomy ministers of vengeance, but as the necessary exercise of virtues not otherwise to be called into activity. They came as the salutary lesson of a father, not as the penal infliction of a judge. Nor did the Father, to whom he so meekly bowed, see fit to lay on him those griefs, under the pressure of which the bravest stagger. He never witnessed the irruption of death into his domestic paradise, nor the rending asunder by sin, the parent of death, of the bonds of love and reverence which united to each other the inmates of that happy home—a home happy in his presence from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest. Surrounded to his latest hours by those whom it had been his chief delight to bless and to instruct, he bequeathed to them the recollection of a wise, a good, and a happy man; that so, if in future life a wider acquaintance with the world should chill the heart with the skepticism so often engendered by such knowledge, they might be reassured in the belief that human virtue is no vain illusion; but that, nurtured by the dews of heaven, it may expand into fertility and beauty, even in those fat places of the earth which romance disowns, and on which no poet's eye will condescend to rest.

A goodly heritage! yet to have transmitted it, (if that were all) would, it must be confessed, be an insufficient title to a place amongst memorable men. Nor, except for what he accomplished as the associate of others, could that claim be reasonably preferred on behalf of Henry Thornton. Apart, and sustained only by his own resources, he would neither have undertaken, nor conceived, the more noble of those benevolent designs to which his life was devoted. Affectionate, but passionless—with a fine and indeed a fastidious taste, but destitute of all creative imagination—gifted rather with fortitude to endure calamity, than with courage to exult in the struggle with danger—a lover of mankind, but not an enthusiast in the cause of our common humanity—his serene and perspicacious spirit was never haunted by the visions, nor borne away by the resistless impulses, of which heroic natures, and they alone, are conscious. Well qualified to impart to the highest energies of others a wise direction, and inflexible perseverance, he had to borrow from them the glowing temperament which hopes against hope, and is wise in despite of prudence. He had not far or long to seek for such an alliance.

On the bright evening of a day which had run its course some thirty or forty summers ago, the usual groups had formed themselves in the library already celebrated. Addressing a nearer circle, might be heard above the unbusy hum the voice of the Prelector, investigating the characteristics of Seneca's morality perhaps; or, not improbably,

the seizure of the Danish fleet; or, it might be, the various gradations of sanity as exhibited by Robert Hall or Joanna Southcote; when all pastimes were suspended, and all speculations put to flight, to welcome the approach of what seemed a dramatic procession, emerging from the deep foliage by which the further slopes of the now checkered lawn were overhung. In advance of the rest two noisy urchins were putting to no common test the philanthropy of a tall, shaggy dog, their playfellow, and the parental indulgence of the slight figure which followed them. Limbs scarcely stouter than those of Asmodeus, sustaining a torso as unlike as possible to that of Theseus, carried him along with the agility of an antelope, though under the weight of two coat-pockets, protuberant as the bags by which some learned brother of the coil announces and secures his rank as leader of his circuit. Grasping a pocket volume in one hand, he wielded in the other a spud, caught up in his progress through the garden, but instinct at his touch with more significance than a whole museum of horticultural instruments. At one instant, a staff on which he leaned and listened to the projector at his elbow developing his plan for the better coppering of ships' bottoms, at the next it became a wand, pointing out to a portly constituent from the Cloth Hall at Leeds some rich effect of the sunset; then a truncheon, beating time to the poetical reminiscences of a gentleman of the Wesleyan persuasion, looking painfully conscious of his best clothes and of his best behavior; and ere the sacred cadence had reached its close, a cutlass raised in mimic mutiny against the robust form of William Smith, who, as commodore of this ill-assorted squadron, was endeavoring to convoy them to their destined port. But little availed the sonorous word of command, or the heart-stirring laugh of the stout member for Norwich, to shape a straight course for the volatile representative of the county of York, now fairly under the canvass of his own bright and joyous fancies. He moved in obedience to some impulse like that which prompts the wheelings of the swallow, or the dodgings of the barbel. But whether he advanced, or paused, or revolved, his steps were still measured by the ever-changeable music of his own rich voice, ranging over all the chords expressive of mirth and tenderness, of curiosity or surprise, of delight or of indignation. *Eheu, fugaces!* Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley; those playful boys are venerable dignitaries of the church; and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory. But for that misgiving, how easy to depict the nearer approach of William Wilberforce, and of the tail by which, like some Gaelic chief or Hibernian demagogue, he was attended! How

easy to portray the joyous fusion of the noisy strollers across the lawn, with the quieter but not less happy assemblage which had watched and enjoyed their pantomime—to trace the confluence of the two streams of discourse, imparting grace and rapidity to the one, and depth and volume to the other—to paint the brightening aspect of the grave censor, as his own reveries were flashed back on him in picturesque forms and brilliant colors—or to delineate the subdued countenance of his mercurial associate, as he listened to profound contemplations on the capacities and the duties of man!

Of Mr. Wilberforce, we have had occasion to write so recently, and so much at large, that though the Agamemnon of the host we celebrate—the very sun of the Claphamic system—we pause not to describe him. His fair demesne was continuous with that of Mr. Thornton; nor lacked there sunny banks, or sheltered shrubberies, where, in each change of season, they revolved the captivity under which man was groaning, and projected schemes for his deliverance. And although such conclaves might scarcely be convened except in the presence of these two, yet were they rarely held without the aid of others, especially of such as could readily find their way thither from the other quarters of the sacred village.

It is not permitted to any coterie altogether to escape the spirit of coterie. Clapham Common, of course, thought itself the best of all possible commons. Such, at least, was the opinion of the less eminent of those who were entitled to house-bote and dinner-bote there. If the common was attacked, the whole homage was in a flame. If it was laughed at, there could be no remaining sense of decency amongst men. The commoners admired in each other the reflection of their own looks, and the echo of their own voices. A critical race, they drew many of their canons of criticism from books, and talk of their own parentage; and for those on the outside of the pale, there might be, now and then, some failure of charity. Their festivities were not exhilarating. New faces, new topics, and a less liberal expenditure of wisdom immediately after dinner, would have improved them. Thus, even at Clapham, the discerning might perceive the imperfections of our common nature, and take up the lowly confession of the great Thomas Erskine—"After all, gentlemen, I am but a man."

But if not more than men, they were not less. They had none of the intellectual coxcombry since so prevalent. They did not instil philosophic and political neology into young ladies and officers of the Guards, through the gentle medium of the fashionable novel. They mourned over the ills inseparable from the progress of society, without shrieks or hysterics. They were not epicures for whose languid palates the sweets of the rich man's banquet must be seasoned with the acid of the poor man's discontent. Their philanthropy did not

language without the stimulant of satire ; nor did it degenerate into a mere ballet of tender attitudes and sentimental pirouettes. Their philosophy was something better than an array of hard words. Their religion was something more than a collection of impalpable essences, too fine for analysis, and too delicate for use. It was a hardy, serviceable, fruit-bearing and patrimonial religion.

They were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men, who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which, till then, the Church of England had been entranced—of men, by whose agency the great evangelic doctrine of faith, emerging in its primeval splendor, had not only overpowered the contrary heresies, but had perhaps obscured some kindred truths. This earlier generation of the evangelic school had been too ingenuous, and too confident in the divine reality of their cause, to heed much what hostility they might awaken. They had been content to pass for fools, in a world whose boasted wisdom they accounted folly. In their one central and all-pervading idea, they had found an influence hardly less than magical. They had esteemed it impossible to inculcate too emphatically, or too widely, that truth which Paul had proclaimed indifferently to the idolators of Ephesus, the revellers of Corinth, the sophists of Athens, and the debauched citizens of sanguinary Rome.

Their sons adopted the same creed with equal sincerity and undiminished earnestness, but with a far keener sense of the hindrances opposed to the indiscriminate and rude exhibition of it. Absolute as was the faith of Mr. Wilberforce and his associates, it was not possible that the system called "Evangelical," should be asserted by them in the blunt and uncompromising tone of their immediate predecessors. A more elaborate education, greater familiarity with the world and with human affairs, a deeper insight into science and history, with a far nicer discernment of mere conventional proprieties, had opened to them a range of thought, and had brought them into relations with society, of which their fathers were comparatively destitute. Positiveness, dogmatism and an ignorant contempt of difficulties, may accompany the firmest convictions, but not the convictions of the firmest minds. The freedom with which the vessel swings at anchor, ascertains the soundness of her anchorage. To be conscious of the force of prejudice in ourselves and others, to feel the strength of the argument we resist, to know how to change places internally with our antagonists, to understand why it is that we provoke this scorn, disgust or ridicule ; and still to be unshaken, still to adhere with fidelity to the standard we have chosen,—this is triumph, to be won by those alone on whom is bestowed not merely the faith which overcomes the world, but the pure and peaceable wisdom which is from above.

And such were they whom the second generation of the evangelical party acknowledged as their secular chiefs. They fell on days much unlike

those which we, their children, have known—days less softened by the charities and courtesies, but less enervated by the frivolities of life. Since the fall of the Roman republic, there had not arisen within the bosom, and armed with the weapons, of civilization itself, a power so full of menace to the civilized world as that which then overshadowed Europe. In the deep seriousness of that dark era, they of whom we speak looked back for analogies to that remote conflict of the nations ; and drew evil auguries from the event of the wars which, from Sylla to Octavius, had dyed the earth with the blood of its inhabitants, to establish at length a military despotism—ruthless, godless, and abominable. But they also reverted to the advent, even in that age of lust and cruelty, of a power destined to wage successful war, not with any external or earthly potentate, but with the secret and internal spring of all this wretchedness and wrong—the power of love, incarnate though divine—of love exercised in toils and sufferings, and at length yielding up life itself, that from that sacrifice might germinate the seeds of a new and enduring life—the vital principle of man's social existence, of his individual strength, and of his immortal hopes.

And as, in that first age of Christianity, truth, and with it heavenly consolation, had been diffused, not alone or chiefly by the lifeless text, but by living messengers proclaiming and illustrating the renovating energy of the message intrusted to them ; so to those who, at the commencement of this century, were anxiously watching the convulsions of their own age, it appeared that the sorrows of mankind would be best assuaged, and the march of evil most effectually stayed, by an humble imitation of that inspired example. They therefore formed themselves into a confederacy, carefully organized and fearlessly avowed, to send forth into all lands, but above all into their own, the two witnesses of the Church—Scripture and Tradition ;—scripture, to be interpreted by its divine Author to the devout worshippers—tradition, not of doctrinal tenets, but of that unextinguishable zeal, which, first kindled in the apostolic times, has never since wanted either altars to receive, or attendant ministers to feed and propagate the flame. Bibles, schools, missionaries, the circulation of evangelical books, and the training of evangelical clergymen, the possession of well-attended pulpits, war through the press, and war in Parliament, against every form of injustice which either law or custom sanctioned—such were the forces by which they hoped to extend the kingdom of light, and to resist the tyranny with which the earth was threatened.

Nor was it difficult to distinguish or to grapple with their antagonists. The slave trade was then brooding like a pestilence over Africa ; that monster iniquity which fairly outstripped all abhorrence, and baffled all exaggeration—converting one quarter of this fair earth into the nearest possible

resemblance of what we conceive of hell, reversing every law of Christ, and openly defying the vengeance of God. The formation of the holy league, of which we are the chroniclers, synchronized with that unhappy illness which, half a century ago, withdrew Thomas Clarkson from the strife to which he was set apart and consecrated; leaving his associates to pursue it during the twelve concluding years, unaided by his presence, but not without the aid of his example, his sympathy, and his prayers. They have all long since passed away, while he still lives (long may he live!) to enjoy honors and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goethe, would be a mean exchange. But, alas! it is not given to any one, not even to Thomas Clarkson, to enjoy a glory complete and unalloyed. Far from us be the attempt to pluck one leaf from the crown which rests on that time-honored head. But with truth there may be no compromise, and truth wrings from us the acknowledgment that Thomas Clarkson never lived at Clapham.

Not so that comrade in his holy war, whom, of all that served under the same banner, he seems to have loved the best. At the distance of a few bow-shots from the house of Henry Thornton, was the happy home in which dwelt Granville Sharpe; at once the abiding guest and the bosom friend of his more wealthy brothers. A critic, with the soul of a churchwarden, might indeed fasten on certain metes and bounds, hostile to the parochial claims of the family of Sharpe; but in the wider ken and more liberal judgment of the historian, the dignity of a true Claphamite is not to be refused to one whose evening walk and morning contemplations led him so easily and so often within the hallowed precincts.

Would that the days of Isaac Walton could have been prolonged to the time when Granville Sharpe was to be committed to the care of the biographers! His likeness from the easel of the good old angler would have been drawn with an outline as correct and firm, and in colors as soft and as transparent, as the portraits of Hooker or of Herbert, of Doune or of Watton. A narrative, no longer than the liturgy which they all so devoutly loved, would then have superseded the annals which now embalm his memory beneath that non-conforming prolixity which they all so devoutly hated.

The grandson of an archbishop of York, the son of an archdeacon of Northumberland, the father of a prebendary of Durham, Granville Sharpe, descending to the rank from which Isaac Walton rose, was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker who kept his shop on Tower Hill. When the Quaker died, the indentures were transferred to a Presbyterian of the same craft. When the Presbyterian retired, they were made over to an Irish Papist. When the Papist quitted the trade, they passed to a fourth master, whom the apprentice reports to have had no religion at all. At one time a Socinian took up his abode at the draper's, and assaulted the faith of the young apprentice in the mysteries of the trinity and the atonement. Then a Jew came to lodge there, and contested with him the truth of Christianity itself. But blow from what quarter it might, the storm of controversy did but the more endear to him the shelter of his native nest, built for him by his forefathers, like that of the swallow of the Psalmist, in the courts and by the altar of his God. He studied Greek to wrestle with the Socinian—

he acquired Hebrew to refute the Israelite—he learned to love the Quaker, to be kind to the Presbyterian, to pity the Atheist, and to endure the Roman Catholic. Charity (so he judged) was nurtured in his bosom by these early polemics, and the affectionate spirit which warmed to the last the current of his maturer thoughts, grew up, as he believed, within him, while alternately measuring crapes and muslins, and defending the faith against infidels and heretics.

The cares of the mercer's shop engaged no less than seven years of a life destined to be held in grateful remembrance as long as the language or the history of his native land shall be cultivated among men. The next eighteen were consumed in the equally obscure employment of a clerk in the office of ordnance. Yet it was during this period that Granville Sharpe disclosed to others, and probably to himself, the nature, so singular and so lovely, which distinguished him—the most inflexible of human wills, united to the gentlest of human hearts—an almost audacious freedom of thought, combined with profound reverence for hoar authority—a settled conviction of the wickedness of our race, tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it—a burning indignation against injustice and wrong, reconciled with pity and long-suffering towards the individual oppressor—all the sternness which Adam has bequeathed to his sons, wedded to all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters.

As long as Granville Sharpe survived, it was too soon to proclaim that the age of chivalry was gone. The ordnance clerk sat at his desk with a soul as distended as that of a Paladin bestriding his war-horse; and encountered with his pen such giants, hydras, and discourteous knights, as infested the world in the eighteenth century. He found the lineal representative of the Willoughbys de Parham in the person of a retired tradesman; and buried himself in pedigrees, feoffments, and sepulchral inscriptions, till he saw his friend enjoying his ancestral privileges among the peers of Parliament. He combated, on more than equal terms, the great Hebraist, Dr. Kennicott, in defence of Ezra's catalogue of the sacred vessels, chiefs, and families. He labored long, and with good success, to defeat an unjust grant made by the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, of the Forest of Inglewood, and the manor and castle of Carlisle. He waged a less fortunate war against the theatrical practice of either sex appearing in the habiliments of the other. He moved all the powers of his age, political and intellectual, to abolish the impressment of seamen, and wound up a dialogue, with Johnson, on the subject, by opposing the scriptural warning, "Woe to them that call evil good, and good evil," to what he described as the "plausible sophistry and important self-sufficiency" of the sage. Presenting himself to the then secretary of state, Lord Dartmouth, he denounced, with prophetic solemnity, the guilt of despoiling and exterminating in the Charib war that miserable remnant of the aboriginal race of the Antilles. As a citizen of London, he came to the rescue of Crosby, the Lord Mayor, in his struggle with the House of Commons. As a citizen of the world, he called on earth and heaven to stay the plagues of slavery and the slave-trade, and advocated the independence of America with such ardor as to sacrifice to it his own. Orders had reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted col-

onies. If his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted in his eyes the stain of innocent blood. To avoid that pollution he resigned his place, and his means of subsistence, at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment. But he had brothers who loved and supported him; and his release from the fatigues of a subordinate office left him free to obey the impulses of his own brave spirit, as the avenger of the oppressed.

While yet a chronicler of gunpowder and small arms, a negro, abandoned to disease, had asked of him alms. Silver and gold he had none, but such as he had he gave him. He procured for the poor sufferer medical aid, and watched over him with affectionate care until his health was restored. The patient, once more become sleek and strong, was an object on which Barbadian eyes could not look without cupidity; and one Lisle, his former master, brought an action against Granville Sharpe for the illegal detention of his slave. Three of the infallible doctors of the church at Westminster—Yorke, Talbot, and Mansfield—favored the claim; and Blackstone, the great expositor of her traditions, hastened, at their bidding, to retract a heresy on this article of the faith into which his uninstructed reason had fallen. Not such the reverence paid by the hard-working clerk to the inward light which God had vouchsafed to him. He coned his entries indeed, and transcribed his minutes all day long, just as if nothing had happened; but throughout two successive years he betook himself to his solitary chamber, there, night by night, to explore the original sources of the law of England, in the hope that so he might be able to correct the authoritative dogmas of chancellors and judges. His inquiries closed with the firm conviction that, on this subject at least, these most learned persons were but shallow pretenders to learning. In three successive cases he struggled against them with various and doubtful success; when fortune, or, be it rather said, when Providence, threw in his way the negro Somerset.

For the vindication of the freedom of that man, followed a debate, ever memorable in legal history for the ability with which it was conducted;—for the first introduction to Westminster Hall of Francis Hargrave;—for the audacious assertion then made by Dunning, of the maxim, that a new brief will absolve an advocate from the disgrace of publicly retracting any avowal however solemn, of any principle however sacred;—for the reluctant abandonment by Lord Mansfield of a long-cherished judicial error;—and for the recognition of a rule of law of such importance, as almost to justify the poets and rhetoricians in their subsequent embellishments of it;—but above all memorable for the magnanimity of the prosecutor, who, though poor and dependent, and immersed in the duties of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning, required for this great controversy—who, wholly forgetting himself in his object, had studiously concealed his connexion with it, lest, perchance, a name so lowly should prejudice a cause so momentous—who, denying himself even the indulgence of attending the argument he had provoked, had circulated his own researches in the name, and as the work, of a plagiarist, who had republished them—and who, mean as was his education, and humble as were his pursuits, had proved his superiority as a jurist, on one main branch of the

law of England, to some of the most illustrious judges by whom that law had been administered.

Never was abolitionist more scathless than Granville Sharpe by the reproach to which their tribe has been exposed, of insensibility to all human sorrows, unless the hair be thick as wool, and the skin as black as ebony. His African clients may indeed have usurped a larger share of his attachment than the others; and of his countless schemes of beneficence, that which he loved the best was the settlement at Sierra Leone of a free colony, to serve as a *point-d'appui* in the future campaigns against the slave trade. But he may be quoted as an experimental proof of the infinite divisibility of the kindly affections. Much he wrote, and much he labored, to conciliate Great Britain and America; much to promote the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures; much to interpret the prophecies contained in them; much to refute the errors of the Socinians; much to sustain the cause of Grattan and the Irish volunteers; much to recommend reform in parliament; and much, it must be added, (for what is man in his best estate!) to dissuade the emancipation of the Catholics. Many also were the benevolent societies which he formed or fostered; and his publications, who can number! Their common aim was to advance the highest interests of mankind; but to none of them, with perhaps one exception, could the praise either of learning or of originality be justly given. For he possessed rather a great soul than a great understanding; and was less admirable for the extent of his resources, than for the earnest affection and the quiet energy with which he employed them.

Like all men of that cast of mind, his humor was gay and festive. Among the barges which floated on a summer evening by the villa of Pope, and the chateau of Horace Walpole, none was more constant or more joyous than that in which Granville Sharpe's harp or kettle-drum sustained the flute of one brother, the hautboy of another, and the melodious voices of their sisters. It was a concord of sweet sounds, typical, as it might seem, of the fraternal harmony which blessed their dwelling on the banks of that noble river. Much honest mirth gladdened that affectionate circle, and brother Granville's pencil could produce very passable caricatures when he laid aside his harp, fashioned, as he maintained, in exact imitation of that of the son of Jesse. To complete the resemblance, it was his delight, at the break of day, to sing to it one of the songs of Zion in his chamber—raised by many an intervening staircase far above the Temple gardens, where young students of those times would often pause in their morning stroll, to listen to the not unpleasing cadence, though the voice was broken by age, and the language was to them an unknown tongue.

On one of their number he condescended to bestow a regard—the memory of which would still warm the heart, even were it chilled by as many years as had then blanched that venerable head. The one might have passed for the grandson of the other; but they met with mutual pleasure, and conversed with a confidence not unlike that of equals. And yet, at this period, Granville Sharpe was passing into a state which, in a nature less active and benevolent than his, would have been nothing better than dotage. In him it assumed the form of a delirium, so calm, so busy, and giving birth to whims so kind-hearted, as often to remind his young associate of Isaac Walton's saying, that

the very dreams of a good man are acceptable to God. To illustrate by examples the state of a mind thus hovering on the confines of wisdom and fatuity, may perhaps suggest the suspicion that the old man's infirmities were contagious; but even at that risk they shall be hazarded, for few of the incidents of his more vigorous days delineate him so truly.

William Henry, the last Duke of Gloucester, (who possessed many virtues, and even considerable talents, which his feeble talk and manners concealed from his occasional associates,) had a great love for Granville Sharpe; and nothing could be more amiable than the intercourse between them, though the one could never for the moment forget that he was a prince of the blood-royal, and the other never for a moment remembered that he was bred up as a linen-draper's apprentice. Beneath the pompous bearing of the Guelph lay a basis of genuine humility, and the free carriage of the ex-clerk of ordnance was but the natural expression of a lowliness unembarrassed by any desire of praise or dread of failure. A little too gracious, perhaps, yet full of benignity, was the aspect and the attitude of the duke, when, at one of the many philanthropic assemblages held under his presidency, Granville Sharpe (it was no common occurrence) rose, and requested leave to speak. He had, he said, two schemes, which, if recommended by such advocates, must greatly reduce the sum of human misery. To bring to a close the calamities of Sierra Leone, he had prepared a law for introducing there King Alfred's frank pledge, a sovereign remedy for all such social wounds. At once to diminish the waste of human life in the Peninsula, and to aid the depressed workmen in England, he had devised a project for manufacturing portable wool packs; under the shelter of which ever-ready intrenchments, our troops might, without the least danger to themselves, mow down the ranks of the oppressors of Spain.

A politician as well as a strategist, he sought and obtained an interview with Charles Fox, to whom he had advice of great urgency to give for conducting the affairs of Europe. If the ghost of Burke had appeared to lecture him, Fox could hardly have listened with greater astonishment, as his monitor, by the aid of the Little Horn in Daniel, explained the future policy of Napoleon and of the Czar. "The Little Horn! Mr. Sharpe," at length exclaimed the most amiable of men, "what in the name of wonder do you mean by the Little Horn?" "See there," said the dejected interpreter of prophecy to his companion, as they retired from the Foreign Office—"See there the fallacy of reputation! Why, that man passes for a statesman; and yet it is evident to me that he had never before so much as heard of the Little Horn!"

As his end drew nearer, he became less capable of seizing the distinction between the prophecies and the newspapers. It rained as heavily on the 18th of February, 1813, as on the afternoon when Isaac Walton met the future Bishop of Worcester at Bunhill Row, and found, in the public house which gave them shelter, that double blessing of good ale and good discourse which he has so piously commemorated. Not such is the fortune of the young Templar, who, in a storm at least as pitiless, met Granville Sharpe at the later epoch moving down Long Acre as nimbly as ever, with his calm thoughtful countenance raised gently upwards, as was usual with him—as though gazing

on some object which it pleased him well to look upon. But his discourse, though delivered in a kind of shower-bath, to which his reverie made him insensible, was as characteristic, if not as wise, as that of the learned Sanderson. "You have heard," he began, "my young friend, of this scandalous proceeding of the Rabbi Ben Mendoli?" No. "Why, then, read this brief account of it which I have been publishing. About a year ago, the Rabbi being then at Damascus, saw a great flame descend, and rest on one of the hills which surround the city. Soon after, he came to Gibraltar. There he discovered how completely that celestial phenomenon verified my interpretation of the words—'Arise, shine, for thy light is come,' &c.; and now he has the audacity not only to deny that he ever saw such a flame, but to declare that he never pretended to have seen it. Can you imagine a clearer fulfilment of the predicted blindness and obduracy of Israel before their restoration?"

That great event was to have taken place within a few months, when the still more awful event which happens to all living, removed this aged servant of God and man from the world of shadows to the world of light. To die at the precise moment when the vast prophetic drama was just reaching its sublime catastrophe, was a trial not easily borne, even by a faith so immovable as his. But death had no other sting for him. It awakened his pure spirit from the dreams which peopled it during the decay of his fleshly tabernacle; and if that change revealed to him that he had ill-interpreted many of the hard sentences of old, it gave him the assurance that he had well divined the meaning of one immutable prophecy—the prophecy of a gracious welcome and an eternal reward to those who, discerning the brethren of their Redeemer in the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, and the prisoner, should for His sake feed, and shelter, and clothe, and visit, and comfort them.

United in the bonds of that Christian charity, though wide as the poles asunder in theological opinions, were Granville Sharpe and William Smith; that other denizen of Clapham, who has already crossed our path. He lived as if to show how much of the coarser duties of this busy world may be undertaken by a man of quick sensibility, without impairing the finer sense of the beautiful in nature and in art; and as if to prove how much a man of ardent benevolence may enjoy of this world's happiness, without any steeling of the heart to the wants and the calamities of others. When he had nearly completed four-score years, he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness; and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head, every member still lived to support and to gladden his old age. And yet, if he had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable, or have labored more habitually for their relief. It was his ill fortune to provoke the invective of Robert Southey, and the posthumous sneers of Walter Scott—the one resenting a too well merited reproach, the other indulging that hate of Whigs and Whiggery which, in that great mind, was sometimes stronger than the love of justice. The enmity even of such men, he, however, might well endure, who possessed, not merely the attachment and confidence of Charles Fox and his followers, but the almost brotherly love of William

Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, and of Thomas Clarkson. Of all their fellow-laborers, there was none more devoted to their cause, or whom they more entirely trusted. They, indeed, were all to a man *homoeousians*, and he a disciple of Belsham. But they judged that an erroneous opinion respecting the Redeemer's person would not deprive of his gracious approbation, and ought not to exclude from their own affectionate regards, a man in whom they daily saw a transcript, however imperfect, of the Redeemer's mercy and beneficence.

Thirty-seven years have rolled away since these men met at Clapham in joy, and thanksgiving, and mutual gratulation, over the abolition of the African slave-trade. It was still either the dwelling-place, or the haunt, of almost every one of the more eminent supporters of that measure; and it may be that they exulted beyond the measure of sober reason in the prospects which that success had opened to them. Time has brought to light more than they knew or believed of the inveteracy of the evil; and of the impotency of law in a protracted contest with avarice. But time has also ascertained, that throughout the period assigned for the birth and death of a whole generation of mankind, there has been no proof, or reasonable suspicion, of so much as a single evasion of this law in any one of the transatlantic British colonies. Time has shown that to that law we may now confidently ascribe the deliverance of our own land from this blood-guiltiness forever. Time has ascertained that the solemn practical assertion then made of the great principles of justice, was to be prolific of consequences, direct and indirect, of boundless magnitude. Time has enlisted on our side all the powers and all the suffrages of the earth; so that no one any longer attempts to erase the brand of murder from the brow of the slave-trader. Above all, time has shown that, in the extinction of the slave-trade, was involved, by slow but inevitable steps, the extinction of the slavery which it had created and sustained. This, also, was a result of which, as far as human agency is concerned, the main springs are to be found among that sect to which, having first given a name, we would now build up a monument.

It is with a trembling hand that we inscribe on that monument the name of Zachary Macaulay; for it is not without some misgiving lest pain should be inflicted on the living, while we pass, however reverently, over the half-extinguished ashes of the dead. The bosom shrines, erected in remembrance of them, may be yet more intolerably profaned by rude eulogy than by unmerited reproach; and the danger of such profanation is the more imminent, when the judgment, though unbiased by any ties of consanguinity, is not exempt from influences almost as kindly and as powerful. It is, however, an attempt which he who would write the sectarian history of Clapham could not wholly decline, without an error like that of omitting the name of Grotius in a sectarian history of the Arminians.

A few paces separate from each other, in the church of Westminster, are three monuments, to which, in God's appointed time, will be added a fourth, to complete the sepulchral honors of those to whom our remotest posterity will ascribe the deliverance of mankind from the woes of the African slave-trade, and of colonial slavery. There is a yet more enduring temple, where, engraven by

no human hands, abides a record, to be divulged in its season, of services to that cause, worthy to be commemorated with those of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, of Zachary Macaulay, and of Thomas Clarkson. But to that goodly fellowship the praise will be emphatically given. Thomas Clarkson is his own biographer, and pious hands have celebrated the labors of two of his colleagues. Of Mr. Macaulay no memorial has been made public, excepting that which has been engraved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, by some eulogist less skilful than affectionate. It is no remediless omission, although it would require talents of the highest order, to exhibit a distinct and faithful image of a man whose peculiarity it was to conceal as far as possible his interior life, under the veil of his outward appearance. That his understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were, indeed, conclusions to which a stranger arrived at the first interview with him. But what might be suggesting that expression of countenance, at once so earnest and so monotonous—by what manner of feelings those gestures, so uniformly firm and deliberate, were prompted—whence the constant traces of fatigue on those overhanging brows, and on that athletic though ungraceful figure—what might be the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanor was so inanimate, if not austere!—it was a riddle of which neither Gall nor Lavater could have found the key. That much was passing within, which that ineloquent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; that nature had compensated her other bounties by refusing him the means of a ready interchange of thought; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries which the most casual acquaintance might make, but which they whom he had honored with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.

To them he appeared a man possessed by one idea, and animated by one master passion—an idea so comprehensive, as to impart a profound interest to all which indicated its influence over him—a passion so benevolent, that the coldest heart could not withhold some sympathy from him who was the subject of it. Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating his father's glebe at Cardross, on the northern bank of Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labors he was sent to superintend in Jamaica; and, abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the slave-trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse?

That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years, he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the

subject of his visions by day, and of his dreams by night. To give them reality, he labored as men labor for the honors of a profession, or for the subsistence of their children. The rising sun ever found him at his task. He went abroad but to advance it. His commerce, his studies, his friendship, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave-trade and of slavery. He attached himself to most of the religious and philanthropic societies of his age, that he might enlist them as associates, more or less declared, in his holy war. To multiply such allies, he called into existence one great association, and contributed largely to the establishment of another. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach. He pursued the contest to the end, though oppressed by such pains of body as strained to their utmost tension the self-sustaining powers of the soul. He devoted himself to the severest toil, amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed can have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hard-earned honors, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.

They have long since fallen, or are soon to fall into unhonored graves. His memory will be ever dear to those who hate injustice, and revere the unostentatious consecrations of a long life to the deliverance of the oppressed. It will be especially dear to the few who closely observed, and who can yet remember, how that self-devotion became the poetical element of a mind not naturally imaginative; what deep significance it imparted to an aspect and a demeanor not otherwise impressive; what energy to a temper, which, if not excited, might perhaps have been phlegmatic; what unity of design to a mind constitutionally discursive; and what dignity even to physical languor and suffering, contracted in such a service. They can never forget that the most implacable enemy of the tyrants of the plantation and the slave-ship, was the most indulgent and generous and constant of friends; that he spurned, as men should spurn, the mere pageantry of life, that he might use, as men should use, the means which life affords of advancing the happiness of mankind; that his earthward affections, active and all-enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region, where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him.

Although, to repeat a mournful acknowledgment, the tent of Thomas Clarkson was pitched elsewhere, yet throughout the slave-trade abolition war, the other chiefs who hailed him as the

earliest, and as among the mightiest of their host, kept their communications open by encamping in immediate vicinity to each other. Even to Lord Brougham the same station may, with poetical truth at least, be assigned by the Homer who shall hereafter sing these battles; for though at that period his London domicile was in the walks of the Inner Temple, yet might he not seldom be encountered in the less inviting walks which led him to the suburban councils of his brethren in command. There he formed or cemented attachments, of which no subsequent elevation of rank, or intoxicating triumph of genius, or agony of political strife, have ever rendered him forgetful. Of one of those denizens of Clapham he has published a sketch, of which we avail ourselves, not as subscribing altogether to the accuracy of it, but as we can thus fill up, from the hand of so great a master, a part of our canvass which must have otherwise remained blank and colorless.—“Mr. Stephen was a person of great natural talents, which, if accidental circumstances had permitted him fully to cultivate, and early enough to bring into play upon the best scene of political exertion, the House of Commons would have placed him high in the first rank of English orators. For he had, in an eminent degree, that strenuous firmness of purpose and glowing ardor of soul, which lies at the root of all eloquence; he was gifted with great industry, a retentive memory, an ingenuity which was rather apt to err by excess than by defect. His imagination was, besides, lively and powerful; a little, certainly, under the chastening discipline of severe taste, but often enabling him to embody his own feelings and recollections with great distinctness of outline and strength of coloring. He enjoyed, moreover, great natural strength of constitution, and had as much courage as falls to the lot of most men. But having passed the most active part of his life in one of the West Indian colonies, where he followed the profession of a barrister, and having, after his return, addicted himself to the practice of a court which affords no scope at all for oratorical display, it happened to him, as it has to many other men of natural genius for rhetorical pursuits, that he neither gained the correct taste which the habit of frequenting refined society, and above all, addressing a refined auditory, can alone bestow, nor acquired the power of condensation which is sure to be lost altogether by those who address hearers compelled to listen, like judges and juries, instead of having to retain them by closeness of reasoning, or felicity of illustration. * * * It must have struck all who heard him when, early in 1808, he entered Parliament under the auspices of Mr. Percival, that whatever defects he had, arose entirely from accidental circumstances, and not at all from intrinsic imperfections; nor could any one doubt that his late entrance upon parliamentary life, and his vehemence of temperament, alone kept him from the front rank of debaters, if not of eloquence itself. With Mr. Percival, his friendship had been long and intimate. To this the similarity of their religious character mainly contributed: for Mr. Stephen was a distinguished member of the evangelical party, to which the minister manifestly leant without belonging to it; and he was one whose pious sentiments and devotional habits occupied a very marked place in his whole scheme of life. No man has, however, a right to question, be it ever so slightly, his perfect sincerity. To this his blameless life bore the most irrefragable

testimony. A warm and steady friend—a man of the strictest integrity and nicest sense of both honor and justice—in all the relations of private society wholly without a stain—though envy might well find whereon to perch, malice itself, in the exasperating discords of religious and civil controversy, never could desecrate a spot on which to fasten. Let us add the bright praise, and which sets at naught all lesser defects of mere taste, had he lived to read these latter lines, he would infinitely rather have had this sketch stained with all the darker shades of its critical matter, than been exalted, without these latter lines, to the level of Demosthenes or of Chatham, praised as the first of orators, or followed as the most brilliant of statesmen. His opinions upon political questions were clear and decided, taken up with the boldness, felt with the ardor, asserted with the determination, which marked his zealous and uncompromising spirit. Of all subjects, that of the slave-trade and slavery most engrossed his mind. His experience in the West Indies, his religious feelings, and his near connection with Mr. Wilberforce, whose sister he married, all contributed to give this great question a peculiarly sacred aspect in his eyes; nor could he either avoid mixing it up with almost all other discussions, or prevent his views of its various relations from influencing his sentiments on other matters of political discussion.”*

The author of the preceding portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in, the last great act by which the labors borne by them in common, during so many preceding years, were consummated. It was a still more rare bounty of Providence, which reserved the abolition of slavery throughout the British empire, as a triumph for the statesman who, twenty-seven years before, had introduced into the House of Commons the first great act of tardy reparation to Africa. Crowned with honor and with length of days, to Lord Grey it has further been given, by the same benignant power, to watch, in the calm evening of life, the issues of the works of justice and mercy which God raised him up to accomplish. With the evil omens, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness eleven years of unbroken tranquillity throughout countries, where before a single year undisturbed by insurrection was almost unknown—the extinction of feuds apparently irreconcilable—positions full of danger in former wars, now converted into bulwarks of our national power—an equal administration of justice in the land of the slave-courts and the cart-whip—a loyal and happy peasantry, where the soil was so lately broken by the sullen hands of slaves—penury exchanged for abundance—a population, once cursed by a constant and rapid decay, now progressively increasing—Christian knowledge and Christian worship universally diffused among a people so lately debased by pagan superstitions—and the conjugal duties, with all their attendant charities, held in due honor by those to whom laws, written in the English language, and sanctioned by the kings of England, had forbidden even the marriage vow. If, with these blessings, have also come diminished har-

vests of the cane and the coffee plant, even they who think that to export and to import are the two great ends of the social existence of mankind, have before them a bright and not very distant futurity. But he, under whose auspices the heavy yoke was at length broken, is contemplating doubtless, with other and far higher thoughts, the interests of the world, from which, at no remote period, the inexorable law of our existence must summon him away. In that prospect, so full of awe to the wisest and the best, he may well rejoice in the remembrance that, in conferring on him the capacity to discern, and the heart to obey the supreme and immutable will, God enabled him to grasp the only clue by which the rulers of the world can be safely guided amidst the darkness and the intricacy of human affairs.

Such at least is the doctrine which, if Clapham could have claimed him for her own, Clapham would have instilled into that great minister of the British crown, to whom, more than to any other, she was prompt to offer her allegiance. Politics, however, in that microcosm, were rather cosmopolitan than national. Every human interest had its guardian, every region of the globe its representative. If the African continent and the Charibbean Archipelago were assigned to an indefatigable protectorate, New Holland was not forgotten, nor was British India without a patron. It was the special charge of Mr. Grant, better known to the present generation by the celebrity of his sons, but regarded at the commencement of this century as the real ruler of the rulers of the east, the director of the Court of Directors. At Leadenhall street he was celebrated for an integrity, exercised by the severest trials; for an understanding large enough to embrace, without confusion, the entire range and the intricate combinations of their whole civil and military policy; and for nerves which set fatigue at defiance. At Clapham, his place of abode, he was hailed as a man whose piety, though ever active, was too profound for much speech; a praise to which, among their other glories, it was permitted to few of his neighbors there, to attain or to aspire. With the calm dignity of those spacious brows, and of that stately figure, it seemed impossible to reconcile the movement of any passion less pure than that which continually urged him to requite the tribute of India by a treasure, of which he who possessed it more largely than any other of the sons of man, has declared, that the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. No less elevated topic (so judged the inquisitive vicinage) could be the subject of his discourse, as he traversed their gorse-covered common, attended by a youth, who, but for the fire of his eye, and the occasional energy of his bearing, might have passed for some studious and sickly competitor for medals and prize poems. If such were the pursuits ascribed by Clapham to her occasional visitant, it is but a proof that even “patent Christianity” is no effectual safeguard against human fallibility.

Towards the middle of the last century, John Martyn of Truro was working with his hands in the mines near that town. He was a wise man, who, knowing the right use of leisure hours, employed them so as to qualify himself for higher and more lucrative pursuits; and who, knowing the right use of money, devoted his enlarged means to procure for his four children a liberal education. Henry, the younger of his sons, was

* *Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham*. Vol. i., pp. 402-5.

accordingly entered at the University of Cambridge, where, in January, 1801, he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts, with the honorary rank of senior wrangler. There also he became the disciple, and as he himself would have said, the convert of Charles Simeon. Under the counsels of that eminent teacher, the guidance of Mr. Wilberforce, and the active aid of Mr. Grant, he entered the East India Company's service as a chaplain. After a residence in Hindostan of about five years, he returned homewards through Persia in broken health. Pausing at Shiraz, he labored there during twelve months with the ardor of a man, who, distinctly perceiving the near approach of death, feared lest it should intercept the great work for which alone he desired to live. That work (the translation of the New Testament into Persian) at length accomplished, he resumed his way towards Constantinople, followed his Mihmander (one Hassan Aga) at a gallop, nearly the whole distance from Tabriz to Tocat, under the rays of a burning sun, and the pressure of continual fever. On the 6th of October, 1812, in the thirty-second year of his age, he brought the journal of his life to a premature close, by inscribing in it the following words, while he sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some trees at the foot of the Carmanian mountains: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and fear of God—in solitude, my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and love! There shall in nowise enter anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made man worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions, which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more." Ten days afterwards those aspirations were fulfilled. His body was laid in the grave by the hands of strangers at Tocat, and to his disembodied spirit was revealed that awful vision, which it is given to the pure in heart, and to them alone, to contemplate.

Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys and Elliots and Brainerds of other times, either quitted, or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn, the learned and the holy, translating the Scriptures in his solitary bungalow at Dinapore, or preaching to a congregation of five hundred beggars, or refuting the Mahomedan doctors at Shiraz, is the bright exception. It is not the less bright, because he was brought within the sphere of those secular influences which so often draw down our Anglican worthies from the empyrean along which they would soar, to the levels, flat though fertile, on which they must depasture. There is no concealing the fact, that he annually received from the East India Company an ugly allowance of twelve hundred pounds: and though he would be neither just nor prudent who should ascribe to the attractive force of that stipend one hour of Henry Martyn's residence in the east, yet the ideal would be better without it. Oppressively conclusive as may be the arguments in favor of a well-endowed and punctually paid "Establishment," they have, after all, an unpleasant earthly savor. One would not

like to discover that Polycarp, or Bernard, or Boniface, was waited on every quarter-day by a plump bag of coin from the public treasury. To receive a thousand rupees monthly from that source, was perhaps the duty, it certainly was not the fault, of Henry Martyn. Yet it was a misfortune, and had been better avoided if possible.

When Mackenzie was sketching his *Man of Feeling*, he could have desired no better model than Henry Martyn, the young and successful competitor for academical honors; a man born to love with ardor and to hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming at universal excellence in science, in literature, in conversation, in horsemanship, and even in dress; not without some gay fancies, but more prone to austere and melancholy thoughts; patient of the most toilsome inquiries, though not wooing philosophy for her own sake; animated by the poetical temperament, though unvisited by any poetical inspiration; eager for enterprise, though thinking meanly of the rewards to which the adventurous aspire; uniting in himself, though as yet unable to concentrate or to harmonize them, many keen desires, many high powers, and much constitutional dejection—the chaotic materials of a great character, destined to combine, as the future events of life should determine, into no common forms, whether of beauty and delight, or of deformity and terror.

Among those events, the most momentous was his connection with Charles Simeon, and with such of his disciples as sought learning at Cambridge, and learned leisure at Clapham. A mind so beset by sympathies of every other kind, could not but be peculiarly susceptible to the contagion of opinion. From that circle he adopted, in all its unadorned simplicity, the system called Evangelical—that system of which (if Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the writers of the English Homilies may be credited) Christ himself was the author, and Paul the first and greatest interpreter.

Through shallow heads and voluble tongues, such a creed (or indeed any creed) filtrates so easily, that, of the multitude who maintain it, comparatively few are aware of the conflict of their faith with the natural and unaided reason of mankind. Indeed he who makes such an avowal will hardly escape the charge of affectation or of impiety. Yet if any truth be clearly revealed, it is, that the apostolic doctrine was foolishness to the sages of this world. If any unrevealed truth be indisputable, it is, that such sages are at this day making, as they have ever made, ill-disguised efforts to escape the inferences with which their own admissions teem. Divine philosophy divorced from human science—celestial things stripped of the mitigating veils woven by man's wit and fancy to relieve them—form an abyss as impassable at Oxford now, as at Athens eighteen centuries ago. To Henry Martyn the gulf was visible, the self-renunciation painful, the victory complete. His understanding embraced, and his heart reposed in the two comprehensive and ever germinating tenets of the school in which he studied. Regarding his own heart as corrupt, and his own reason as delusive, he exercised an unlimited affiance in the holiness and the wisdom of Him, in whose person the divine nature had been allied to the human, that, in the persons of his followers, the human might be allied to the divine.

Such was his religious theory—a theory which

doctors may combat, or admit, or qualify, but in which the readers of Henry Martyn's biography, letters, and journals, cannot but acknowledge that he found the resting-place of all the impetuous appetencies of his mind, the spring of all his strange powers of activity and endurance. Prostrating his soul before the real, though the hidden Presence he adored, his doubts were silenced, his anxieties soothed, and every meaner passion hushed into repose. He pursued divine truth (as all who would succeed in that pursuit must pursue it) by the will rather than the understanding; by sincerely and earnestly searching out the light which had come into the world, by still going after it when perceived, by following its slightest intimations with faith, with resignation, and with constancy, though the path it disclosed led him from the friends and the home of his youth, across wide oceans and burning deserts, amidst contumely and contention, with a wasted frame and an overburdened spirit. He rose to the sublime in character, neither by the powers of his intellect, nor by the compass of his learning, nor by the subtlety, the range, or the beauty of his conceptions, (for in all these he was surpassed by many,) but by the copiousness and the force of the living fountains by which his spiritual life was nourished. Estranged from a world once too fondly loved, his well-tutored heart learned to look back with a calm though affectionate melancholy on its most bitter privations. Insatiable in the thirst for freedom, holiness, and peace, he maintained an ardor of devotion which might pass for an erotic delirium, when contrasted with the Sadducean frigidity of other worshippers. Regarding all the members of the great human family as his kindred in sorrow and in exile, his zeal for their welfare partook more of the fervor of domestic affection, than of the kind but gentle warmth of a diffusive philanthropy. Elevated in his own esteem by the consciousness of an intimate union with the Eternal Source of all virtue, the meek missionary of the cross exhibited no obscure resemblance to the unobtrusive dignity, the unfaltering purpose, and the indestructible composure of Him by whom the cross was borne. The ill-disciplined desires of youth, now confined within one deep channel, flowed quickly onward towards one great consummation; nor was there any faculty of his soul, or any treasure of his accumulated knowledge, for which appropriate exercise was not found on the high enterprise to which he was devoted.

And yet nature, the great leveller, still asserting her rights even against those whose triumph over her might seem the most perfect, would not seldom extort a burst of passionate grief from the bosom of the holy Henry Martyn, when memory recalled the image of her to whom, in earlier days, the homage of his heart had been rendered. The writer of his life, embarrassed with the task of reconciling such an episode to the gravity befitting a hero so majestic, and a biography so solemn, has concealed this passage of his story beneath a veil, at once transparent enough to excite, and impervious enough to baffle curiosity. A form may be dimly distinguished of such witchery as to have subdued at the first interview, if not at the first casual glance, a spirit soaring above all the other attractions of this sublunary sphere. We can faintly trace the pathway, not always solitary, of the pious damsel, as she crossed the bare heaths of Cornwall on some errand of mercy, and listened, not unmoved, to a tremulous voice, pointing to

those heights of devotion from which the speaker had descended to this lower worship. Then the shifting scene presents the figure—alas! so common—of a mother, prudent and inexorable, as if she had been involved in no romance of her own some brief twenty years before; and then appears the form (deliciously out of place) of the apostolic Charles Simeon, assuming, but assuming in vain, the tender intervenient office. In sickness and in sorrow, in watchings and in fastings, in toils and perils, and amidst the decay of all other earthly hopes, this human love blends so touchingly with his diviner enthusiasm, that even from the life of Henry Martyn there can scarcely be drawn a more valuable truth, than that, in minds pure as his, there may dwell together in most harmonious concord, affections which a coarse, low-toned, ascetic morality, would describe as distracting the heart between earth and heaven.

Yet it is a life pregnant with many other weighty truths. It was passed in an age when men whom genius itself could scarcely rescue from abhorrence, found in their constitutional sadness, real or fictitious, not merely an excuse for grovelling in the sty of Epicurus, but even an apology for deifying their sensuality, pride, malignity, and worldly-mindedness, by hymns due only to those sacred influences, by which our better nature is sustained, in the warfare with its antagonist corruptions. Not such the gloom which brooded over the heart of Henry Martyn. It solicited no sympathy, was never betrayed into sullenness, and sought no unhallowed consolation. It assumed the form of a depressing consciousness of ill desert; mixed with fervent compassion for a world which he at once longed to quit, and panted to improve. It was the sadness of an exile gazing wistfully towards his distant home, even while soothing the grief of his brethren in captivity. It was a sadness akin to that which stole over the heart of his Master, while, pausing on the slope of the hills which stand round about Jerusalem, he wept over her crowded marts and cloud-clapped pinnacles, hastening to a desolation already visible to that prescient eye; though hidden by the glare and tumult of life from the obdurate multitude below. It was a sadness soon to give place to an abiding serenity in the presence of that compassionate Being who had condescended to shed many bitter tears, that he might wipe away every tear from the eyes of his faithful followers.

Tidings of the death of Henry Martyn reached England during the parliamentary debates on the renewal of the East India Company's charter; and gave new impetus to the zeal with which the friends and patrons of his youth were then contending for the establishment of an Episcopal see at Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints on the diffusion of Christianity within its limits. In the roll of names most distinguished in that conflict, scarcely one can be found which does not also grace the calendar of Clapham. It was a cause emphatically Claphamic. John Venn, to whom the whole sect looked up as their pastor and spiritual guide, was at that time on his deathbed. He had been the projector, and one of the original founders, of the society for sending missionaries of the Anglican communion to Africa and the east—a body which, under the name of the "Church Missionary Society," now commands a wider field of action, and a more princely revenue, than any Protestant association of the same character. To him who prompted the deeper medita-

tions, partook the counsels, and stimulated the efforts of such disciples, some memorial should have been raised by a church which to him, more than to any of her sons, is indebted for her most effective instrument for propagating her tenets and enlarging her borders. But, linked though that name was to the kindest and the holiest thoughts of so many of the wise and good, it must be passed over in this place with this transient notice: lest the reverence due to it should be impaired, as it certainly could not be strengthened, by a tribute in which might not unjustly rest some grave suspicion of partiality.

The shepherd was taken from his flock immediately after the success of the parliamentary contest, and while their exultations, and the forebodings of their opponents, predicted the glorious or the disastrous results of Episcopacy, and of missions in India. At this distance of time, we know that these prophecies, whether of good or of evil, were uninspired. Neither Hindoos nor Mussulmen have revolted on the discovery that their European sovereigns have a belief and a worship of their own, which they seriously prefer to the faith of Brama or of Mahomet. But neither has Benares yet ceased to number her pilgrims by myriads; nor is the Rammadan violated from dawn to sunset. These results can hardly have surprised those who derived their anticipations of the future from a careful survey of the past.

The power before which the temples of pagan Rome fell down, (like the mighty agencies of the material creation,) is a silent, invisible influence, obedient to no laws which human wisdom can explore; though, at length, manifesting its reality in results which the dullest observation cannot overlook. It works by searching out affinities in the elements of man's moral and social nature; by separating such as are incongruous, and by combining the rest into organic forms, animated by a common life. It works by the repulsive force of mutual antipathies, and by the plastic force of self-denying love; and exhibits its presence in the Christian system, as in its noblest form, and most complete development. And though the prolific energies of this renovating power may often appear to slumber, and though, even when roused into activity, it operates but slowly and imperfectly, yet is it the one vital principle of this otherwise corrupt and corrupting world; and is not less the source of light and of order now, than when it brooded over the dark primitive chaos.

Thus earth's history is but as some incoherent rhapsody of wild joys and maddening sorrows, if not regarded as the progressive fulfilment of the Supreme will, effected by the ministry, sometimes spontaneous, at other times reluctant, of other wills subordinate to the Supreme. And that passage of history which is to unfold the religious and intellectual regeneration of Hindostan, will, like the rest, delineate the strife, the reverses, and the long delay, which must precede and allay the final triumph. It will tell of men devoting themselves, in constancy and resignation, to labors of which they must never witness the recompense; and obeying every intimation of the good pleasure of God, even when appearing to have abandoned to their own weakness the champions of his truth. It will trace the path of the heralds of peace, illuminated amidst the deep surrounding darkness by the inward light of faith, and by the outward light which the inspired records throw on the state, the prospects, and the duties of man. And it will also

tell of the restoration of those records to the supremacy, for which their Divine Author destined them, among his instruments for the renewal of the image impressed on his moral creation, at the first dawn of its existence.

To effect that restoration became the chief design of the devout men whose wiser Anglo-Catholic sons are now calling their fathers fools. Of that folly the ecumenical seat was in the immediate vicinity of our suburban common, reflecting from her glassy pools the mansions by which she is begirt. From them came forth a majority of the first members of the governing body of the "Bible Society," its earliest ministers or secretaries, and above all, the first and greatest of its presidents—John Lord Teignmouth; to the commemoration of whose life are dedicated the volumes from which our devious course commenced, and to which it at length returns.

As Mr. Carlyle has it, he was a noticeable man. While Napoleon had been founding an empire in Europe, he had been ruling an empire in Asia. The greatest of commercial corporations had made him their viceroy. The greatest of religious societies had made him their head. He was a man of letters too, and a man of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures. He had been the friend of Sir William Jones, the associate of Warren Hastings, the adviser of Henry Dundas, and the choice of William Pitt, when he had a trust to confer, superior in splendor, perhaps in importance, to his own. So, at least, said the chronicles of those times, but his own appearance seemed to say the contrary. If the *fascies* had really once been borne before the quiet every-day looking gentleman who was to be seen walking with his children on Clapham Common, or holding petty sessions of the peace for the benefit of his neighbors there, then Clapham Common had totally misconceived what manner of men governors-general are. The idea of the common was as magnificent as that of a lord mayor in the mind of Martinus Scriblerus. But a glance at our Arungzebe, in the Clapham coach, was enough to dispel the illusion. How a man, who had sat on the Musnud of Calcutta, could now sit so patiently between Messrs. Smith and Brown of St. Mildred's, Cornhill, and listen to them on the Paving Rate Question with such genuine and good-humored interest, was a question which long exercised the faith and the tongues of the commoners, and which has ever since remained one of the dark problems of parochial history.

Lord Teignmouth was an estimable, accomplished, and religious man, on whom Providence bestowed extraordinary gifts of fortune, without any extraordinary gifts of nature. He was exalted to one of the highest places of the earth, but was not endowed with the genius or the magnanimity for which such places afford their meet exercise and full development. The roll of British viceroys in India includes other names than those of the immortals. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley, transmitted empire, but could not transmit imperial minds to Amherst, or Minto, or to Shore. He was not one of those who enlarge our conceptions of the powers occasionally confided to man. He rose to the summit of delegated dominion, without any sublime endurance or heroic daring. He wrote many speculations, political, moral, and religious; but without rendering more clear our knowledge of the actual condition of mankind; or our conjectures respecting what awaits them. He

also wrote many verses; but can scarcely ever have awakened an echo in the hearts of others. The eminence of his position suggested comparisons which it would otherwise have been unmeaning to form. There is not room for many great men, in any age or in any dynasty; and he who, in the age of Napoleon and the dynasty of Clive, ruled with spotless virtue, and aimed only to consolidate the conquests of his predecessors, might justly deprecate the disparaging remark, that he was not cast in their gigantic mould. But the good Vespasian must always be prepared for invidious allusions to the mighty Julius.

The son of a supercargo, and the grandson of a captain in the marine of the East India Company, John Shore was destined from his youth to the service of the same employers. He was prepared for it at Harrow, where he recited Homer and Juvenal with Nathanael Halhed on the one hand, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan on the other; Samuel Parr being the common tutor of the three. On the same form were seen, nearly forty years later, three other boys since known to fame, as Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Sinclair. In the first of these triumvirates Halhed, in the second Sinclair, were pointed out by Harrovian divination as the men destined to illuminate and command the ages which had given them birth. The spirit of prophecy did not rest on the Hill of Harrow. Neither, indeed, was the United Company of Merchants, trading to the East Indies at the first of those eras, precisely a school of the prophets. The one qualification they required of the future ministers and judges of their empire, was a sound acquaintance with book-keeping. Mr. Shore was accordingly removed from Harrow to a commercial school at Hackney. Among the students there, was one who, at the distance of half a century, he met again; the stately Marquis of Hastings, who then came to ask a lesson in the art of governing India, from the old school-fellow with whom he had once taken lessons in the art of double entry.

Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design. They who prosper in the world are usually men of one maxim. When Mr. Shore was toiling up the steep ascent trodden by writers, "an old gentleman named Burgess," chanced to say to him, "make yourself useful, and you will succeed." Old Mr. Burgess never said a better thing in his life. It became the text on which the young civilian preached many a discourse to others, and to himself. With his own hand he compiled several volumes of the records of the secret political department. In a single year, he decided six hundred causes at Moorshedabad. He acquired the Hindostanee, Arabic, and Persian tongues; and was summoned to employ that knowledge at what was then called the Provincial Council at Calcutta. He revised one of the philippics launched by Francis against Warren Hastings, and lent his pen to prepare a memorial against the supreme court and Sir Elijah Impey. So useful, indeed, did he make himself to the opponents of Hastings, that he was appointed by that great man (oriental and occidental politics having much in common) to a seat in his supreme council of four. But, whatever might be his change of party, Mr. Shore never changed his maxim. He presided at the board of revenue. He acted as revenue commissioner in Dacca and Behar. He drew up plans of judicial reform. Ever busy, and ever useful, he remained in India

till Hastings himself quitted it, when they returned in the same ship to England—the ever-triumphant Hastings to encounter Burke and the House of Commons; the ever-useful Mr. Shore to receive from the court of directors a seat in the supreme council of three, established under Mr. Pitt's India bill.

Again he bent his way to the east, and again enjoyed, under the rule of Lord Cornwallis, abundant opportunities of acting up to the precept of old Mr. Burgess. He sustained nearly all the drudgery which in every such combination falls to the lot of some single person, assuming, as his peculiar province, the settlement of the revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Oresa. The result of his labors was that momentous decision, remaining in force to this day, which has recognized the right of the Zemindars to the land, in the double character of renters and landlords—a measure against which there is such an array of authority and argument, as to compel a doubt whether, on this occasion at least, Mr. Shore did not render a service useful rather to the sovereigns of India than to their subjects.

To himself the result was most important. The time had come when Mr. Pitt hoped to witness the introduction into India of the pacific system which, at his instance, parliament had enjoined. He committed that task to Mr. Shore; wisely judging that the author of the territorial settlement possessed in an eminent degree the habits, the principles, and the temper, which qualify men for an ambitious and equitable course of policy. With that charge he sailed a third time for the east, in the character of governor-general.

He had been eminently useful, and had succeeded eminently. But now the old maxim began to wear out. He who would climb an oak, must, as a great living writer has observed, change the nature of his efforts, and quicken his pace after he has once fairly set foot on the branches. Old Mr. Burgess had taught how the highest advancement might be obtained. He had not taught how it might be improved. Sir John Shore (such was now the title of the governor-general) brought to that commanding station, knowledge, industry, courage, and disinterestedness; with a philanthropy as pure as ever warmed the bosom of any of the rulers of mankind. But he did not bring to it the wide survey, the prompt decision, and the invincible will, of the great statesmen who, before and after him, wielded that delegated sceptre. The sense of subordination, and the spirit of a subordinate, still clung to him. To be useful to the Board of Control, to be useful to the Court of Directors, to be useful to the Civil Service, to be useful to the Indian Army, limited his ambition as an administrator; and though the happiness of the nations of India was the object of his highest aspirations, his rule over them was barren, not only of any splendid enterprise, but even of any memorable plan for their benefit.

The four years of Sir John Shore's government was a period of peace, interrupted only by a single battle with the Rohilla chiefs. But it was a peace pregnant with wars, more costly and dangerous than any in which the British empire in the East had been involved since the days of Clive and Laurence. The charges advanced against Sir John Shore by the more adventurous spirits who followed him, are all summed up in the one accusation—that his policy was temporizing and timid.

He acquiesced as an inert spectator in the successful invasion of the dominions of the Nizam by the Mahrattas. He fostered the power and the audacity of that warlike nation. He unresistingly permitted the growth of a French subsidiary force, in the service of three of the most considerable native powers. He thwarted Lord Hobart's efforts for extending the dominion or influence of Great Britain in Ceylon, in the Carnatic, and in Tanjore. He allowed the growth and aggressions in Northern India of that power which, under Runjeet Sing, afterwards became so formidable. He looked on passively while Tippoo was preparing for the contest into which he plunged, or was driven, to his own ruin, and to our no light peril.

These, and such as these, are the charges. The answer is drawn from the pacific injunctions of Parliament, and the pacific orders of the Company, and from the great truth that ambitious wars are the direst curse, and peace the most invaluable blessing to mankind. In the course of his correspondence, Lord Teignmouth takes frequent occasion to announce the new or philosophical maxim, which, as governor-general, he had substituted for his old or utilitarian maxim as a writer. It was that incontrovertible verity, that "honesty is the best policy." Sound doctrine, doubtless; but whether it is the best policy to be honest now and then, may admit of more dispute. Millions of men never lived together under a rule more severely just in intention than was that of Sir John Shore. But the Rohillas distrusted his equity. The Mahrattas had no belief in his courage. The Nizam could not be convinced of his good faith. The oppressed Ryots were incredulous of his benevolence. Integrity, which, being only occasional and transient, passes for weakness and caprice, may work out evils even more intolerable than those of a consistent, resolute and systematic injustice. Under their pacific governor-general, the people of the east remembered the conquests of his predecessors, and were preparing to counteract, by secret or open hostilities, the further conquests of the pro-consuls who were to succeed him. His individual conscience could justly applaud the retrospect of his Asiatic dominion; but the national conscience of which we have lately heard, had it any cause to exult, in a pause of four years, in an otherwise unbroken chain of successful aggressions on the princes and people of Hindostan?

When Napoleon wrote bulletins about the star of Austerlitz and the fulfilment of his destiny, we were all equally shocked at his principles and his style. Yet the apologies still ringing in our ears for the wars in Afghanistan, of Scinde and of Gwalior, though made but yesterday by the highest authorities on either side of the House of Commons, were but a plagiarism from the Emperor of the French, in more correct, though less animated language. Nor could it be otherwise. Empire cannot be built up, either in the west or in the east, in contempt of the laws of God, and then be maintained according to the Decalogue. When the vessel must either drive before the gale or founder, the helmsman no longer looks at the chart. When the pedestals of the throne are terror and admiration, he who would sit there securely must consult other rules than those of the Evangelists. Sir John Shore was the St. Louis of governors-general. But if Clive had been like-minded, we should have had no India to govern. If Hastings had aspired to the title of "The Just,"

we should not have retained our dominion. If Wellesley had ruled in the spirit of his conscientious predecessor, we should infallibly have lost it. With profound respect for the contrary judgment of so good a man, we venture to doubt, whether the severe integrity which forbade him to bear the sceptre of the Moguls as others had borne it, should not have also forbidden his bearing it at all. Needless to assume incompatible duties, is permitted to no man. Cato would have ceased to be himself, had he consented to act as a lieutenant of the usurper. The British viceroy who shall, at once, be true to his employers, and strictly equitable to the princes of India and their subjects, need not despair of squaring the circle.

Returning a third time to his native land, Lord Teignmouth fell into the routine of common duties and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power; but whose heart had been with his home and with his books, even while nabobs and rajahs were prostrating themselves before him. He became eminent at the Quarter Sessions, took down again the volumes in which Parr had lectured him, thinned out his shrubberies, visited at country-seats and watering-places, watched over his family and his poor neighbors, sent letters of good advice to his sons (to the perusal of which the public are now invited with perhaps more of filial than of fraternal piety;) and in short, lived the life, so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well educated English gentleman of moderate fortune, moderate desires, and refined tastes; with a fruitful vine on the walls of his house, and many olive branches round about his table.

If, as all Englishmen believe, this is the happiest condition of human existence, it illustrates the remark, that happiness is a serious, not to say a heavy thing. The exhibition of it in these volumes is rather amiable than exhilarating. India-house traditions tell, that when a young aspirant for distinction there, requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Chair made answer, "The style we prefer is the *humdrum*." This preference for the humdrum, enjoined perhaps by the same high authority, clung to Lord Teignmouth even after his return to Europe. He wrote as if to baffle the critics, and lived as if to perplex the biographers. A foreigner amongst us might perhaps have sketched him as a specimen of a class peculiar to England. But the portrait is too familiar for exhibition to English eyes, though none is dearer to English hearts. Who that has contemplated and loved (as who has not?) the wise, cheerful and affectionate head of some large household, filling up, without hurry or lassitude, the wide circle of domestic, neighborly and magisterial duties, and aiming at nothing more—let him say whether the second Lord Teignmouth could have rendered animating in description, the tranquil years which the first Lord Teignmouth probably found the most grateful of his life in reality.

They were gliding quietly away, cheered by such retrospects as few have enjoyed, and gilded by hopes which few could so reasonably indulge, when the society, then for the first time formed, for the circulation of the Bible, placed him at their head, not as a mere titular chief, but as the president by whom all their deliberations were to be controlled, and as the dignitary by whom the collective body were to be represented. So high

a trust could not have fallen into hands more curiously fitted for the discharge of it. There met and blended in him as much of the spirit of the world, and as much of the spirit of that sacred volume, as could combine harmoniously with each other. To the capacious views of a statesman, he united a submission the most childlike to the supreme authority of those sacred records. To the high bearing of one for whose smile rival princes had sued, he added that unostentatious simplicity which is equally beyond the reach of those who solicit, and of those who really despise, human admiration. Conversant with mankind under all political and social aspects, and in every gradation of rank, it was at once his habit and delight to withdraw from that indiscriminate intercourse into the interior circle, where holy thoughts might be best nourished, and into the solitude where alone the modesty of his nature would permit the utterance of his devout affections. An Oriental scholar of no mean celebrity, and not without a cultivated taste for classical learning, he daily passed from such pursuits to the study of the Sacred Oracles—as one who, having sojourned in a strange land, returns to the familiar voices, the faithful counsels, and the well-proved loving-kindness of his father's house. To scatter through every tongue and kindred of the earth the inspired leaves by which his own mind was sustained and comforted, was a labor in which he found full scope and constant exercise for virtues, hardly to be hazarded in the government of India.

Of India, indeed, and of the fame of his Indian administration, he had become strangely regardless—witnessing silently, if not with indifference, the overthrow of his policy, and the denial of his claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind. Ordinary men, it is true, are but seldom agitated by the temperament by which men of genius expiate their formidable eminence; but Lord Teignmouth seems to have had more than his due share of constitutional phlegm. He governed an empire without ambition, wrote poetry without inspiration, and gave himself up to labors of love and works of mercy without enthusiasm. He was, in fact, rather a fatiguing man—of a narcotic influence in general society—with a pen which not rarely dropped truisms; sedate and satisfied under all the vicissitudes of life; the very antithesis and contradiction of the hero, whose too tardy advent Mr. Carlyle is continually invoking. Yet he was one of those whom we may be well content to honor, while we yet wait the promised deliverer. He was a witness to the truth, that talents such as multitudes possess, and opportunities such as multitudes enjoy, may, under the homely guidance of perseverance and good sense, command the loftiest ascent to which either ambition or philanthropy can aspire, if that steep path be trodden with a firm faith in the Divine wisdom, a devout belief in the Divine goodness, and a filial promptitude of conformity to the Divine will.

To Lord Teignmouth, and to the other founders of the Bible Society, an amount of gratitude is due, which might, perhaps, have been freely rendered, if it had been a little less grandiloquently claimed by the periodic eloquence of their followers. Her annual outbursts of self-applause are not quite justified by any success which this great Protestant *propaganda* has hitherto achieved over her antagonists. Rome still maintains and multiplies her hostile positions—heathen and Mahomedan temples are as numerous and as crowded as

before—ignorance and sin continue to scatter the too fertile seeds of sorrow through a groaning world—and it is no longer doubtful that the aspect of human affairs may remain as dark as ever, though the earth be traversed by countless millions of copies of the Holy Text. The only wonder is, that such a doubt should ever have arisen—that reasonable people should have anticipated the renovation of man to the higher purposes of his being by any single agency—without an apparatus as complex as his own nature—or without influences as vivifying as those which gave him birth. To quicken the inert mass around us, and to render it prolific, it is necessary that the primeval or patriarchal institute of parental training should be combined with an assiduous education; with the various discipline of life, with the fellowship of domestic, civil and ecclesiastical society, and, above all, with the recreative power from on high devoutly implored and diligently cherished. The wicked habitations by which our globe is burdened, might, alas! be wicked still, though each of them were converted into a biblical library. And yet with the belief of the inspiration, whether plenary or partial, of the Scriptures, who can reconcile a disbelief of the momentous results with which the mere knowledge of them by mankind at large must be attended? Who will presume to estimate the workings of such an element of thought in such a world?—or to follow out the movements resulting from such a voice, when raised in every tongue and among all people, in opposition to the rude clamor from without, or the still harsher dissonance from within!—or who will take on him to measure the consequences of exhibiting amongst all the tribes of men one immutable standard of truth—one eternal rule of duty—one spotless model for imitation?

If this vast confederacy of the Protestant and Greek churches was regarded by the less initiated with some degree of superstitious awe, and extolled beyond the severe limits of truth, the founders of the society were too well instructed in spiritual dynamics, to be themselves in bondage to that vulgar error. The more eminent of the Clapham sectarians thought of it but as one wheel in that elaborate mechanism, by which they believed that the world would at length be moved. Bell and Lancaster were both their welcome guests—schools, prison discipline, savings' banks, tracts, village libraries, district visitings, and church buildings—each, for a time, rivalled their cosmopolitan projects. But of their subordinate schemes none were so dear to them as that of prepossessing, in favor of their opinions and of their measures, the young men who were then preparing for ordination at Cambridge. Hence they held in special honor Isaac Milner, whose biography lies before us, and Charles Simeon, whose life is shortly to be published—both unavoidably residing at the university as their appointed sphere of labor; but both men of Clapham as frequent visitors, as habitual associates, and as zealous allies.

The biography of Isaac Milner, as recorded in this dense volume, occupies a space nearly equal to that which the extant writers of antiquity have devoted to the celebration of all the worthies of Greece and Rome and Palestine put together. And yet of those who have still to reach the meridian of life, how few are aware, either that such a man was famous in the last generation, or what was the ground of his celebrity! Oh! ye candidates for fame, put not your faith in coteries. See here

how lavishly applause may be bestowed in one age, and how profound the silence into which it may die away in the next. See how a man may have been extolled, not thirty poor years ago, as a philosopher, historian, divine, and academic, on whom "young England" has not one passing remembrance to bestow. And although the present effort to revive and perpetuate his glory be made by a kinswoman, prepared for that undertaking by knowledge, by ability, and by zeal; yet how avoid the conviction that the monument itself, like the name to which it is erected, is already becoming a premature ruin, and preaching one more unheeded sermon on the text which proclaims the vanity of all things?

If the several tendencies of Isaac Milner to moral and intellectual greatness had been permitted to act freely, and if Fortune had not caressed and enervated him by her too benignant smiles, his name might have been now illustrious in the *Fasti Cantabrigienses*. But she bestowed on him the rewards of eminence, such as wealth, leisure, reputation, and authority, without exacting the appointed price of toil and self-denial. Humble as was his hereditary station, he scarcely ever felt the invigorating influence of depending on his own exertions for subsistence, for comforts, or even for enjoyments. He soon obtained and soon resigned a fellowship at Queen's College, Cambridge, to become the president of that society; an office to which ere long were added the deanery of Carlisle, and the mathematical chair once occupied by Newton. Three such sinecures were a burden, beneath which the most buoyant spirit could scarcely have moved with freedom. A splendid patrimony in the three per cents., or the golden repose of Lords Arden or Ellenborough, might agree well enough with the pursuits of a scholar or a statesman. Not so the laborious idleness of a deanery and a mastership, with their ceaseless round of chapters, and elections, and founders' feasts, and enclosure questions; and questions about new racks for the stables, and new rollers for the garden; and squabbles with contumacious canons and much-digesting fellows. Newton himself could not, at the same time, have given laws to the butteries and explored the laws of the universe; and therefore it happened that Newton's successor was too busy for the duties of his lucrative professorship. Dalilah bound the strong man with cords supplied by Mammon for the purpose.

From such toils, he might have broken away, if the wily courtesan had not thrown around him the more seductive bondage of social and colloquial popularity. The keen sarcasm, that "science is his forte—omniscience, his foible," though of later date, could never have been aimed at any of the giants of Cambridge with more truth, or with greater effect, than at the former president of Queen's. He had looked into innumerable books, had dipped into most subjects, whether of vulgar or of learned inquiry, and talked with shrewdness, animation, and intrepidity, on them all. Whatever the company and whatever the theme, his sonorous voice predominated over all other voices, even as his lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig, defied all competition. He was equally at home on a steeple-chase, and on final perseverance; and explained with the same confidence the economy of an ant-hill and the policy of the Nizam. During the last half of his life the Johnsoni-latria was at its height; and among the aspirants to the vacant conversational throne, none appeared to

have a fairer title than himself. Parr, with his pipe and his pedantry, was offensive. Bishop Watson was pompous and tiresome. Lord Ellenborough, the first of that name, was but an eminent phrase-manufacturer. But Isaac Milner, however inferior to the sage of Bolt Court in genius, in wit, in practical wisdom, in philology, and in critical discernment, ranged over a wider field of knowledge; with a memory as ready and retentive, with higher animal spirits, a broader humor, a less artificial style, and an enjoyment so cordial and sociable of his own talk, as compelled every one else to enjoy it. If less contentious than his great prototype, he was not less authoritative. But his topics were more out of the reach of controversy, his temper more serene, and his audience far more subservient. In the whole of his career, he was probably never once surrounded by such a circle as that which at "The Club" reduced the dominion of Johnson to the form of a limited monarchy. At Carlisle, the dean was the life of an otherwise lifeless amalgam of country squires and well-endowed prebendaries. At Cambridge, the master was the soul of dinner and tea parties, otherwise inanimate. At London, he was the centre of a circle, ever prompt (as are all London circles) to render homage to literary and intellectual rank; especially when it can condescend to be amusing and natural, and can afford to disclaim all pretensions to the elaborate refinements of metropolitan society. Thus the syren Fortune raised her most alluring strain—the flattery which rewards colloquial triumphs that so she might induce the warrior to relax his grasp of the weapons by which he might have achieved an enduring reputation.

Lashing himself to the mast, he still might have pursued his voyage to permanent renown, if the enchantress had not raised up in his course certain fog-banks, to seduce him into the belief that he had already reached the yet far distant haven. The moderators, arbiters of Cantabrigian honors, had not only assigned to him the dignity of senior wrangler, but with it the title of *Incomparabilis*; the comparison being made with his competitors of the year 1774. Among the "Transactions of the Royal Society," the curious may discover three or four contributions bearing the name of Isaac Milner, which, though little noticed at the time, and wholly forgotten now, were allowed to establish, in favor of one who sat in Newton's seat, a station among men of science; which, in an age not propitious to such studies, few had the wish, and fewer still the power, to contest. No scientific work or discovery illustrates his name, except the discovery, much insisted on by his biographer, and much rejoiced in by himself, that the invisible girl of Leicester Square was not a fairy enshrined in the brazen ball from which her speaking trumpets issued; but an old woman in the next room squeaking through hidden tubes, the orifices of which were brought into nice contact with corresponding apertures in the lips of those magical trumpets. On the opposite side of the same square rose an observatory, where, a hundred years earlier, his great predecessor had investigated enigmas of greater significance. In literature, Dr. Milner was chiefly known as the editor of the last two volumes of his brother's Church History, which apparently received great additions and improvements from his hands. They have been extolled as containing the most comprehensive and authentic account of the Reformation in Germany, and of the character of the great German Reformer;—a

praise to which it is impossible to subscribe, for this, if for no other reason, that neither the author nor the editor had ever seen, or would have been able to read, one line of the many volumes written by Luther in his mother tongue, and even yet untranslated into any other. A biographical preface of a few pages, prefixed to a posthumous volume of the same brother's sermons, with two controversial pamphlets, complete the catalogue of the literary labors of more than half a century of learned and well-beneficed leisure. Of those pamphlets one was an assault on the ecclesiastical history of the late Dr. Haweis. The other made havoc of the person and writings of Herbert Marsh, the late Bishop of Peterborough. Marsh had denounced the sin and danger of giving people the Bible to read unyoked to the prayer-book; and Milner answered him by an examination much more curious than civil, into the question—"Who, and what is Dr. Herbert Marsh?" The indignant liturgist replied by an equally courteous attempt to determine the who, and the what, touching Dr. Isaac Milner. With cassocks torn, and reputations not much exalted, the combatants retired from the field, and never again appeared among the aspirants to literary renown. Adulation whispered to them both that such glory was already theirs, and in her harlotry and her blandishments betrayed them into the belief of that too welcome assurance.

But Isaac Milner was no ordinary person. His body (the very image of the informing mind) was athletic and capacious, yet coarse and clumsy withal, and alive, far more than is usual with the giant brood, to every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain. His muscular and his nervous structure seemed to belong to two different men, or rather to be of different sexes. The sense of vast physical power was unattended by animal courage; and the consciousness of great intellectual strength animated him to no arduous undertakings. Robust as he was and omnivorous, he was haunted by imaginary maladies and ideal dangers; shuddering at the east wind, and flying to a hiding-place at the sound of thunder. In the pursuit of knowledge, he was an elephant forcing his way through saplings, and bending them to his purpose with a proboscis alike firm and flexible; yet at the next moment obeying the feeblest hand, alarmed by the most transient blaze, and turned out of his way by the first mournful gong or joyous cymbal. He was a kind of Ajax-Andromache, combining such might with such sensibility as made him at once admirable, loveable, and inefficient. Call at the lodge at Queen's in the evening, and you heard him with stentorian lungs tumbling out masses of knowledge, illuminated by remarks so pungent, and embellished with stories, illustrations, gestures, and phrases so broad and unceremonious, that you half expected the appearance of the Lady Margaret, to remind the master of the house that she had built that long gallery, and those oriel windows, for meditation and studious silence. Call again in the morning, and you found him broken-hearted over some of the sorrows to which flesh is heir, or agitated by some collegiate controversy, or debating with his apothecary how many scruples of senna should enter into his next draught, as though life and death were in the balances. Thus erratic in all his pursuits, and responsive to every outward impression, he failed in that stern perseverance, without which none may become the teachers, the rulers, or the benefactors

of mankind, and with which perhaps but few can be much courted as companions, or much loved as friends.

But so to be loved and courted, should not be regarded as a mere selfish luxury. A wise and good man, and such was Isaac Milner, will regard popular acceptance an advantage convertible to many excellent uses; and so he considered it. His great talents were his social talents. In talk, ever ready, ever animated, and usually pregnant with profound meaning, he found the law and fulfilled the end of his sublunary existence. He talked with children (his chosen associates) inimitably. It was like a theological lecture from Bunyan, or a geographical discourse from De Foe. He talked with the great and the rich, as one who was their equal in wealth, and their superior in worship. He talked with pugilists, musicians, and graziers, at once to learn and to interpret the mysteries of their several crafts. He talked with physicians to convince them that their art was empirical. He talked with politicians to rouse them to the dangers of Catholic emancipation. He talked on paper to his correspondents pleasantly and affectionately, though, on the chapter of his own affections, too abundantly. He talked also to his chosen and intimate friends, but not in the same fitful strain. To them, from the abundance of the heart, he spoke on the theme which alone gave any unity of design to the otherwise incongruous habits of his life; and which alone harmonized the passages, droll and melancholy, pompous and affectionate, bustling and energetic, of which it was composed. It was the theme which engages the latest thoughts of all men—the retrospect and the prospect; the mystery within, and the dread presence without; the struggle, and the triumph, and the fearful vengeance; and whatever else is involved in the relations which subsist, between mortal man and the eternal Source of his existence. To search into those relations, and into the duties and hopes and fears flowing from them, was the end which Isaac Milner still proposed to himself, under all his ever-varying moods. From his brother he had derived the theological tenets, for the dissemination of which the History of the Church had been written. Reposing in them with inflexible constancy, he drew from them hopes which, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmities, imparted dignity to his character and peace to his closing hours. He was the intellectual chief of his party, and the members of it resorted to him at Cambridge, there to dispel doubts, and thence to bring back responses, oracular, authoritative, and profound. Nor could they have made a better choice; for to his capacity, learning, and colloquial eloquence, he added a most absolute sincerity and good faith. He had an instinct which could detect at a glance, and a temper which loathed, all manner of cant and false pretension; and he estimated at their real worth the several kinds of religious theatricals, liveries and free-masories.

Kind-hearted, talkative, wise, old man! from the slumbers of many bygone years how easy is it to raise his image—joyful, as when he exulted over his exorcism of his clothes-tearing ghost of Sawston; or jocund, as when he chuckled over the remembrance of the hearty box he inflicted on the ears of Lord Archibald Hamilton, who, in all the pride of pugilism, had defied the assault of unscientific knuckles; or grandiloquent, as when he reviewed the glories of his first vice-chancellor-

ship, in which he had expelled from the senate Lucius Catilina Frend; or the triumphs of his second consulate, when, having thundered his philippics against Marcus Antonius Brown, he was hailed as *Pater Academicæ*. Well! he is gone, and Alma Mater has still her heads of houses, men of renown; but if once again the table could be spread in that hospitable old dining-room at Queen's, with the facetious dean at the head of it, there is not among the incomparable wranglers, and conversing Encyclopædias of them all, any one who would be fit to sit over against him as Croupier.

As a member of the Confederation of the Common, the Dean of Carlisle administered the province assigned to him rather by the weight of his authority, than by any active exertions. Under the shelter of his name, his college flourished as the best cultured and most fruitful nursery of the evangelical neophytes of Cambridge. From a theological school maintained at Elland, in Yorkshire, at the charge of the Clapham exchequer, an unbroken succession of students were annually received there; destined, at the close of their academical career, to ascend and animate the pulpits of the national church. But if to the president of Queen's belonged the dignity of *Præpositus* of the evangelical youth of the University, the far more arduous and responsible office of *Archididasculus* was occupied by a fellow of the adjacent royal college.

Long Chamber at Eton has been the dormitory of many memorable men, and King's has been to many a famous Etonian little better than a permanent dormitory. But about seventy years ago was elected, from the one to the other of those magnificent foundations, a youth, destined thenceforward to wage irreconcilable war with the slumbers and slumberers of his age. Let none of those (and they are a great multitude) who have enshrined the memory of Charles Simeon in the inner sanctuary of their hearts, suppose that it is in a trifling or irreverent spirit that the veil is for a moment raised, which might otherwise conceal the infirmities of so good a man. He was, indeed, one of those on whom the impress of the divine image was distinct and vivid. But the reflected glory of that image (such was his own teaching) is heightened, not tarnished, by a contrast with the poverty of the material on which it may be wrought, and of the ground from which it emerges. They who recollect the late Mr. Terry, the friend of Walter Scott, may imagine the countenance and manner of Charles Simeon. To a casual acquaintance he must frequently have appeared like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of Mercutio, and doing it scandalously ill. Such adventurous attitudes, such a ceaseless play of the facial muscles, so seeming a consciousness of the advantages of his figure, with so seeming an unconsciousness of the disadvantages of his carriage—a seat in the saddle so triumphant, badinage so ponderous, stories so exquisitely unbecoming him about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar—the caricaturists must have been faithful to their calling, and the under-graduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue had not made him their prey. Candid friends were compelled (of course by the force of truth and conscience) to admit that he was not altogether clear of the sin of coxcombry; and the worshippers of Bacchus and of Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not like this Pharisee.

To the reproach of affectation and conceit, his disciples made answer, that their master had shed his original manner as soon and as completely as his original teeth; and that the new or artificial manner was not only more deeply rooted than the old, but was in fact as natural; being but the honest though awkward effort of the soul within, to give vent to the most genuine feelings for which it could find no other utterance. To the charge of hypocrisy, they replied, that it was related to truth in that sense only in which opposites and contradictions are related. They maintained that even the superficial weaknesses of their teacher ministered to his real designs; just as the very offal of the holocaust feeds the sacred flame by which the offering is consumed. Here, they said, was a man beset by difficulties enough to have baffled the whole school of Athens, as brought together by the imagination of Raphael D'Urbino—by inveterate affectations, by the want of learning, by the want of social talents, by the want of general ability of any kind, by the want of interest in the pursuits of his neighbors, by their want of sympathy in his pursuits, by the want of their good-will, nay, by the want of their decided and hearty animosity. Yet thus unprovided for the contest, he gained a victory which the sternest cynic in that glorious assemblage might have condescended to envy, and the most eloquent of the half-inspired sages there, to extol. Slowly, painfully, but with unfaltering hopes, he toiled through more than fifty successive years, in the same narrow chamber, and among the same humble congregation—required by no emolument, stimulated by no animating occurrences, and unrewarded, until the near approach of old age, by the gratitude or the cordial respect of the society amidst which he lived. Love soaring to the Supreme with the lowliest self-abasement, and stooping to the most abject with the meekest self-forgetfulness, bore him onward, through fog or sunshine, through calm or tempest. His whole life was but one long labor of love—a labor often obscure, often misapplied, often unsuccessful, but never intermitted, and at last triumphant.

At the close of each academical year, a crowd of youths, just entering into the business of life, received from Charles Simeon his parting counsels and benediction. They had been his pupils, his associates, and his grateful admirers. Without money and without price he had sedulously imparted to them a science, which to many a simple mind compensated for the want of any other philosophy; and which to the best and ripest scholars disclosed the fountains whence all the streams of truth are salient, and the boundless expanse of knowledge towards which they are all convergent. It was the science of which God himself is the author, and men sent of God the interpreters, and revelation, conscience, and history the records. It was that science which explains the internal connection of this world's history; in which law and ethics and politics have their common basis; which alone imparts to poetry and art their loftier character; without which the knowledge of mind and of mental operations is an empty boast, and even the severer problems of the world's material economy are insoluble. It was that science for the effusion of which the halls and colleges of that learned university had been almost exclusively founded—the only science which Cambridge neglected, and which Charles Simeon taught. And yet the teacher was neither philosopher, historian, poet, artist, lawyer, politician, nor psychologist.

He was simply a devout and believing man, who, in the language of Bunyan, "dwelt far from the damp shadows of Doubting Castle," amidst the sunshine of those everlasting hills whence stout Mr. Greatheart and brave Mr. Hopeful, in days of yore, surveyed the boundless prospect, and inhaled the fresh breezes which welcomed them at the close of their pilgrimage. Thither their modern follower conducted his pilgrims by a way which Mr. Worldly-wisdom could never find, and which Mr. Self-confidence despised when it was pointed out to him.

In the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, every Sunday during more than half a century witnessed the gathering of a crowd which hung on the lips of the preacher; as men hearken to some unexpected intelligence of a deep but ever varying interest. Faces pale with study or furrowed by bodily labor, eyes failing with age or yet undimmed by sorrow, were bent towards him with a gaze, of which (with whatever other meaning it might be combined) fixed attention was the predominant character. Towards the close of that long period, the pulpit of St. Mary's was, occasionally, the centre of the same attraction, and with a still more impressive result. For there were critics in theology, and critics in style and manner, and critics in gastronomy, thronging and pressing on each other, as once on Mars' Hill, to hear what this babbler might say; listening with the same curiosity, and adjudicating on what they had heard, in very much the same spirit. Yet he to whom this homage was rendered, was a man of ungraceful address; with features which ceased to be grotesque only when they became impassioned; with a voice weak and unmusical, and to whom no muse was propitious. His habits, and his very theory of composition, were such as seemed to promise empty pews and listless auditors; for every discourse was originally constructed (to use his own phrase) as a "skeleton," with all the hard processes and the fine articulations as prominent as his logical anatomy could render them—the bony dialect being then clothed with the fibrous and muscular rhetoric, in such a manner as the meditations of the preceding or the impulses of the passing hour might suggest. Such was his faith in this new art of oratory, that, in a collection entitled "*Horæ Homileticæ*," he gave to the world many hundred of these preparations, to be afterwards arrayed by other preachers in such fleshy integuments as might best cover their ghastliness. Deplorable as the operation must have been in other hands than those of the inventor, he well knew how to make his dry bones live. They restrained the otherwise undisciplined ardor of his feelings, and corrected the tendency of that vital heat to disperse all solidity, and to dissolve all coherence, of thought. His argumentation might occasionally irritate the understanding, his illustrations wound the taste, and his discourses provoke the smiles of his audience. But when, as was his wont, he insisted on fundamental truths, or enforced the great duties of life, or detected the treacheries of the heart, or traced the march of retributive justice, or caught and echoed the compassionate accents in which the Father of mercies addresses his erring children, it was a voice which penetrated and subdued the very soul. It was an eloquence which silenced criticism. It was instinct with a contagious intensity of belief. It sounded as the language of one to whom the mysteries and the futurities of which he spoke had

been disclosed in actual vision, and so disclosed as to have dissipated every frivolous thought, and calmed every turbid emotion.

If the Church of England were not in bondage with her children to certain acts of parliament, she would long ere now have had a religious order of the Simeonites; and would have turned out of her catalogue some of her saints of equivocal character, and some of doubtful existence, to make room for St. Charles of Cambridge. What have Dunstan, and George of Cappadocia, and Swithun the bishop, and Margaret the virgin, and Crispin the martyr, done for us, that they should elbow out a man who, through a long life, supplied from the resources of his own mind, to the youth of one of our universities, the theological education not otherwise to be obtained there; and who, from the resources of his own hereditary fortune, supplied the means of purchasing, in the most populous cities of England, from forty to fifty advowsons, that so the ecclesiastical patronage of those vital organs of our commonwealth might be ever thenceforward exercised in favor of zealous, devout and *evangelical* ministers?

In that last ugly epithet lies all the mischief. "He is not a Jansenist, may it please your majesty, but merely an Atheist," was once accepted as a sufficient excuse of a candidate for royal favor. He is not an evangelical clergyman, but merely a Parson Trulliber, was an equally successful apology with the dispensers of fame and promotion in the last age. Among them was the late Bishop Jebb, who, in his posthumous correspondence, indulges in sneers on the gospeller of Cambridge, as cold and as supercilious as if he had himself belonged to the Trulliber school of divinity; instead of being, as he was, an elegant inquirer into the curiosities of theological literature. So great a master of parallelisms and contrasts might have perceived how the splendor of his own mitre waned before that noble episcopate to which Charles Simeon had been elevated, as in primitive times, by popular acclamation. His diocese embraced almost every city of his native land, and extended to many of the remote dependencies, which, then, as now, she held in subjection. In every ecclesiastical section of the empire he could point to teachers who revered him as the guide of their youth, and the councillor of their later years. In his frequent visitations of the churches of which he was the patron or the founder, love and honor waited on him. His infirmities disappeared, or were forgotten, in the majesty of a character animated from early youth to extreme old age by such pursuits as, we are taught to believe, are most in harmony with the Divine will, and most conducive to the happiness of mankind. He had passed his long life in the midst of censors, who wanted neither the disposition nor the power to inflict signal chastisement upon any offence which could be fastened on him; but he descended to the grave unassailed by any more formidable weapons than a thick and constant flight of harmless epigrams. He descended thither amidst the tears and the benedictions of the poor; and with such testimonies of esteem and attachment from the learned, as Cambridge had never before rendered even to the most illustrious of her sons; and there he was laid, in that sure and certain hope on which he enabled an almost countless multitude to repose, amidst the wreck of this world's promises, and in the grasp of their last and most dreadful enemy.

What is a party, political or religious, without a Review! A bell swinging without a clapper. What is any society of men, if not recruited from the rising generation! A hive of neutral bees. Reviewless, Clapham had scarcely been known beyond her own common. Youthless, her memory had never descended to the present age. At once wrapped in future times, and thoughtful of her own, she addressed the world on the first day of each successive month, through the columns of the "Christian Observer;" and employed the pen of him on whom her hopes most fondly rested, to confer splendor and celebrity on pages not otherwise very alluring. To Mr. Macaulay was assigned the arduous post of editor. He and his chief contributors enjoyed the advantage, permitted, alas! to how few of their tribe, of living in the same village, and meeting daily in the same walks or at the same table, and lightening, by common counsel, the cares of that feudal sovereignty. The most assiduous in doing suit and science to the Suzerain, was Henry Thornton. But he whose homage was most highly valued, and whose fealty was attested by the richest offerings, was the young, the much loved, and the much lamented John Bowdler.

He was the scion of a house singularly happy in the virtues and talents of its members; and was hailed by the unanimous acclamation of the whole of that circle of which Mr. Wilberforce was the centre, as a man of genius, piety, and learning, who, in the generation by which they were to be succeeded, would prosecute their own designs with powers far superior to theirs. A zeal too ardent to be entirely discreet, which gave to the world two posthumous volumes of his essays in verse and prose, has, unintentionally, refuted such traditions as had assigned to him a place among philosophers, or poets, or divines. And yet so rare were the component parts of his character, and so just their combination, that, but for his premature death, the bright auguries of his early days could hardly have failed of their accomplishment. His course of life was, indeed, uneventful. A school education, followed by the usual training for the bar—a brilliant though brief success, closed by an untimely death, complete a biography which has been that of multitudes. But the interior life of John Bowdler, if it could be faithfully written, would be a record which none could read without reverence, and few without self-reproach.

To those who lived in habitual intercourse with him, it was evident that there dwelt on his mind a sense of self-dedication to some high and remote object; and that the pursuits, which are as ultimate ends to other men, were but as subservient means to him. So intent was he on this design, as to appear incapable of fatigue, frail as were his bodily powers; and as to be unassailable by the spirit of levity, though fertile and copious in discourse almost to a fault. It is the testimony of one who for nearly twelve months divided with him the same narrow study, that during the whole of that period he was never heard to utter an idle word, nor seen to pass an idle minute. He stood aloof from all common familiarities, yielding his affection to a very few, and, to the rest, a courtesy somewhat reserved and stately. His friends were not seldom reminded how awful goodness is, as they watched his severe self-discipline, and listened, not without some wandering wishes for a lighter strain, to colloquies, didactic rather than conversational, in which he was ever soaring to

heights, and wrestling with problems inaccessible to themselves. But they felt and loved the moral sublimity of a devotion so pure, and so devout to purposes the most exempt from selfishness. They were exulting in prospects which it appeared irrational to distrust, and were hailing him as the future architect of plans, to be executed or conceived only by minds like his, when, from the darkness which shrouds the counsels of the Omniscient, went forth a decree, designed, as it might seem, at once to rebuke the presumptions of mortal man, and to give him a new assurance of his immortality. It rent asunder ties as many and as dear as ever bound to this earth a soul ripe for translation to a higher sphere of duty; and was obeyed with an acquiescence as meek and cheerful as ever acknowledged the real presence of fatherly love under the severer forms of parental discipline. His profound conviction of the magnitude of the trust, and of the endowments confided to him, was really justified even when seemingly defeated by the event; for it showed that those powers had been destined for an early exercise in some field of service commensurate with the holy ardor by which he had been consumed. Of those who met round his grave, such as yet live are now in the wane of life; nor is it probable that, in their retrospect of many years, any one of them can recall a name more inseparably allied than that of John Bowdler to all that teaches the vanity of the hopes which terminate in this world, and the majesty of the hopes which extend beyond it.

And thus closes, though it be far from exhausted, our chronicle of the worthies of Clapham, of whom it may be said, as it was said of those of whom the world was not worthy, "These all died in faith." With but very few exceptions, they had all partaken largely of those sorrows which probe the inmost heart, and exercise its fortitude to the utmost. But sweet, and not less wise than sweet, is the song in which George Herbert teaches, that when the Creator had bestowed every other gift on his new creature man, he reserved rest to himself, that so the wearied heart in search of that last highest blessing, might cheerfully return to Him who made it. They died in the faith that for their descendants, at no remote period, was reserved an epoch glorious, though probably awful, beyond all former example. It was a belief derived from the intimations, as they understood them, of the prophets of Israel; but it was also gathered from sources which to many will seem better entitled to such confidence.

Revolving the great dramatic action of which this earth has been the scene, they perceived that it was made up of a protracted conflict between light and darkness. They saw that on the one side, science and religion—on the other, war and superstition—had been the great agents on this wide theatre. They traced the general movement of events towards the final triumph of good over evil; but observed that this tendency was the result of all-controlling Providence, which had almost invariably employed the bad passions of man as the reluctant instruments of the Divine mercy—sending forth a long succession of conquerors, barbarous or civilized, as missionaries of wo, to prepare the way for the heralds of peace. They saw, or thought they saw, this economy of things drawing to its close. Civilization and, in name at least, Christianity, had at length possessed the far greater and nobler regions of the globe.

Goths and Vandals were now the foremost amongst the nations. Even the Scythians had become members of a vast and potent monarchy. The Arabs had again taken refuge in their deserts. If Genghis or Timour should reappear, their power would be broken against the British empire of Hindostan. The mightiest of warriors had triumphed and had fallen; as if to prove how impregnable had become the barriers of the European world against such aggressions. On every side the same truth was proclaimed, that military subjugation was no longer to be the purifying chastisement of Christendom.

But the religion of Christ was conquering and to conquer. Courting and exulting in the light, it had made a straight alliance with philosophy—the only faith which could ever endure such an association. Amidst the imbecility and dotage of every other form of belief and worship, it alone flourished in perennial youth and indomitable vigor. If anything in futurity could be certain, it was the ultimate and not very remote dominion, over the whole earth, of the faith professed by every nation which retained either wisdom to investigate, or energy to act, or wealth to negotiate, or power to interpose in the questions which most deeply affect the entire race of man. If any duty was most especially incumbent on those who exercised an influence in the national councils of England, it was that of contributing, as best they might, to speed onwards the approaching catastrophe of human affairs—the great consummation whence is to arise that new era with which creation travails and is in birth, which poets have sung and prophets foretold, and which shall justify to the world, and perhaps to other worlds, all that Christians believe of the sacrifice, surpassing thought and language, made for the deliverance and exaltation of mankind.

When such thoughts as these force themselves on the German mind, it forthwith soars towards the unapproachable, and indites the unutterable. When the practical Englishman is the subject of them, he betakes himself to form societies, to collect subscriptions, to circulate books, to send forth teachers, to build platforms, and to afflict his neighbors by an eloquence of which one is tempted to wish that it was really unutterable. Such was the effect of these bright anticipations on the Clapham mind—an effect perceptible in many much better things, but, among the rest, in much equivocal oratory, and in at least one great effort of architecture.

Midway between the Abbey of Westminster and the church of the Knights Templars, twin columns, emulating those of Hercules, fling their long shadows across the strait through which the far-resounding strand pours the full current of human existence into the deep recesses of Exeter Hall. Borne on that impetuous tide, the mediterranean waters lift up their voice in a ceaseless swell of exulting or pathetic declamation. The changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or peals anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant churches to awake and evangelize the world. No hard task to discover here the causes *corrupte eloquentie*! If the shades of Lucian or of Butler hover near that elevated stage, how readily must they detect the anti-types of Peregrinus or of Ralpho! Criticise, for there is no lack of extravagance. Laugh, for there is no stint of

affectation. Yet refuse not to believe, that, grotesque as her aspect may occasionally be, Exeter Hall has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy, of no common significance.

Of that history, the preceding pages may afford some general intimation. The doctrine is that of an all-embracing, all-enduring charity—embracing every human interest, enduring much human infirmity. The prophecy is a higher and more arduous theme.

It is a prophetic age. We have Nominalists who, from the monosyllable "Church," educe a long line of shadowy forms, hereafter to arise and reign on Episcopal or patriarchal thrones—and Realists, who foresee the moral regeneration of the land by means of union workhouses, of emigrant ships, or of mechanics' institutes—and Mediævals, who promise the return of Astræa in the persons of Bede and Bernard—*redivivi*—and Mr. Carlyle, who offers most eloquent vows for the re-appearance of the heroes who are to set all things right—and profound interpreters of the Apocalypse, who discover the woes impending over England in chastisement of the impiety which moved Lord Melbourne to introduce Mr. Owen to the Queen of England.* In the midst of all these predictions, Exeter Hall also prophesies. As to the events which are coming upon us, she adopts the theory of her Claphamic progenitor. In reducing that theory to practice, she is almost as much a Socialist as Mr. Owen himself. The moral regeneration which she foretells is to be brought about neither by church, by workhouse, by monk, by hero, nor by the purifying of St. James'. She believes in the continually decreasing power of individual, and the as constantly augmenting power of associated, minds. She looks on the age as characterized by a nearer approach than was ever known before to intellectual equality. But Exeter Hall is no croaker. Her temperament is as sanguine as her eloquence. Enumerate to her the long list of illustrious men who, while scarcely beyond their boyhood, had, at the commencement of this century, reached the highest eminence in every path to distinction; and point out to her the impossibility of selecting now, from those who have yet to complete their fortieth summer, any four names, the loss of which would be deplored by any art, or science, or calling in use amongst us;—and, in spite of Oxford, and Young England, and Mr. Carlyle, Exeter Hall makes answer—"So much the better. The sense of separate weakness is the secret of collective strength. Ours is the age of societies. For the redress of every oppression that is done under the sun, there is a public meeting. For the cure of every sorrow by which our land or our race can be visited, there are patrons, vice-presidents, and secretaries. For the diffusion of every blessing of which mankind can partake in common, there is a committee. That confederacy which, when pent up within the narrow limits of Clapham, jocose men invidiously called a 'Sect,' is now spreading through the habitable globe. The day is not distant when it will assume the form, and

* One of the strange blemishes in a work very lately published by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, under the title of *Horæ Apocalyptice*—a book of profound learning, singular ingenuity, and almost bewitching interest. The last commendation is not less due to a similar, though antagonist work of the Rev. Mr. Mylie, a Roman Catholic priest of Dublin, called *Rome under Paganism and the Popes*—a book of which no man ever read one page, and left any other page unread.

be hailed by the glorious title, of The Universal Church."

Happy and animating hopes! Who would destroy them if he could? Long may they warm many an honest bosom, and quicken into activity many an otherwise sluggish temper! The true Claphamite will know how to separate the pure ore of truth from the dross of nonsense to which the prophets of his time give utterance. He will find sympathy for most, and indulgence for all, of the schemes of benevolence which surround him. Like the founders of his sect, he will rejoice in the progress and prospects of their cause; nor will he abandon his creed, however unpopular it may be made by the presumption, or however ridiculous by the follies, of some of the weaker brethren by whom it has been adopted.

SUSSEX PEERAGE CLAIM.

Prior to the House of Lords resuming the hearing of the O'Connell case on Tuesday morning, their lordships sat as a committee of privileges to hear the opinion of the judges as to their construction of the law called the Royal Marriage Act, in order the better to give their judgment on the claim of Sir Augustus d'Este to the Sussex peerage. The attendance of peers was rather numerous, and the claimant himself was present. The judges were also in attendance, and their opinion was read by the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The opinion of the learned judges was, that the language of the act was "precise and unambiguous"—that its intent was "clear and unmistakable" that no member of the royal family could marry without the consent of the Crown given in council, such consent being "inserted at full length on the license of the marriage, the certificate of the marriage, and the registry of the marriage"—that a law thus made by the English Parliament was binding upon a British subject, as well without as within the realm—that an eldest son, under a marriage contracted in defiance of this law, was not entitled to recover his father's lands, and that therefore the claim in this case could not be sustained.

All the law lords present—viz., the Lord Chancellor, and Lords Brougham, Cottenham, and Campbell, confirmed this opinion; and the motion being put, the non-contents had it unanimously; and so an end is put to Sir Augustus d'Este's claim to the title of his father, the late Duke of Sussex. In giving his judgment, Lord Brougham said, "a wrong—a grievous wrong—had been inflicted on the mother of those children, who had been seeking justice at their lordships' hands; (loud cries of 'hear!') and justice required that the Parliament which had made such a law—a law which ought never to have been made—should give some reparation to those deeply injured persons whose case they had just been considering."

These observations were received with cheers, and were afterwards concurred in and reëchoed by all the law lords present.

A FORLORN HOPE.—The Irish papers announce the "Rent" this year will be upwards of 30,000*l*. We understand that poor Louis Philippe, disappointed in his dotations, has written to Dan to ask him "to do a bill."—*Punch*.

OUR FATHER.

The following lines were sent to the children of the Sunday School of St. Thomas' church, in this city, by Dr. Hawkes, the Rector.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest was but six years old—
A gentle modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home—
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat:
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,
'T was searched by every breeze;
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy—
He never raised his head;
But still went on and said—"Give us
This day, our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed—
And when he rose I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said!

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

"She said, we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"Our Father, sir, the prayer begins,
Which makes me think that He,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind father be.

"And then you know the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So, in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy;
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God.

From the North American.

AN OLD GARDEN IN MIDSUMMER.

And one who hath had losses—go to.
Much Ado about Nothing.

EVERY one has observed, in fine old Flemish paintings of still-life, that we are pleased in a high degree with some of the rudest and most common objects. A broken vessel, a domestic animal, a dish of victuals, a huge ungainly weed, provided only that it be true to nature, shall win our attention no less than the noble building or stately tree. And the same thing holds in descriptive composition. There is scarcely anything which if depicted with absolute adherence to fact will not give some pleasure; and it is philosophical as well as trite to say, that Truth is more interesting than Fiction. Believing this, I am emboldened to attempt a simple account of a scene which was not without its interest to myself, and which I believe may awaken some tender associations in the mind of the gentle reader.

Be it known, then, that I am one of those who call themselves by courtesy, decayed gentlemen. This is to say, I am the poorest of a long line. My father was well to do in the world; my grandfathers were both wealthy, and of my more distant ancestors the aged servants used to tell tales which made my childish soul reckon them among the knights of England; for my descent is from that honorable stock.

The family estate has been dissipated, the only relic of it being a small tract of exhausted land which is nominally my own. Happily, this contains all that is left of the ancient homestead, and is tilled by the grandson of my father's Scotch gardener.

Not long since, in the month of July, which on the eastern shore is a torrid season, business carried me, for the first time in twenty years, into the neighborhood of Vine-Oaks, my native place. Being under the necessity of waiting a day or two upon the Court of ——— county, I was seized with the notion of going down to the old spot. In a few moments I was bestriding my good roadster Robin, and after an hour's riding, awoke from a reverie in a path which I had traversed a thousand times, twenty years ago, on my way to school. I was now very near the scenes of my infancy. In a few minutes I began to catch a glimpse of one or two spindling and decayed Lombardy poplars, marking the very spot where I was born. This tree is going out of favor; and it has great faults, being shadeless and apt (what Swift so feelingly deprecated) *to die at the top*. Yet I can forgive it—for the sake of its associations, and because its spiry form, seen afar, always betokens civilization and usually a mansion.

My horse stopped at the opening of a long and wide avenue; it was the principal entrance to the pleasure grounds of Vine-Oaks. Four rows of gigantic, gnarled, black-limbed cherry trees served to define the road. They were planted by my grandfather, who came to this country from Marestead, Hants. The carriage-way was completely overgrown with matted grass, showing however, by a gentle indentation in the greensward, the track by which the lumbering old coaches used to roll in to the revels of the olden time. Finding that the ancient inlet to the garden was blocked up, I returned and made my way round to what used to be the stable-yard, but which was now the chief entrance. The mansion house was long since taken

down as ruinous, and part of its materials had been used in dressing up the old brick stables into a habitable place for the tenant. It is not my purpose to sentimentalize, or describe feelings. I will only say that there was not a tree or a stone which carried not its recollections to my soul. The general impression was that of ruin and desolation; then a disgust at the profanation of everything by the luxuriant intrusion of weeds and briars.

Amidst a forest of burdocks and elder, I discerned the stone-column on the top of which the dial used to stand. It was green with moss and lichens. In entering the once sumptuous garden, I was glad to see that in the way of positive infraction, nothing had been attempted. The changes were chiefly those of time, and of intrusive beasts and fowls. The boundaries, the walks, and much of the growth had been left unmeddled with. The more delicate plants and trees had died away, and the officious and rank weeds had supplanted many a frail flower, set out scores of years ago, by fair hands which have long been dust. But there was still much to remind me of the high and palmy state of the old garden. Thousands of bees were running riot, under the beams of the July sun. The old turfed alleys stood where they did, and had even gained by manifold encroachments on the borders. The ornamented iron gate was unmoved, and I believe immovable. The hedges of box had shot up to colossal dimensions, and wanted in the most grotesque shapes, giving a deep sequestration to the narrow shady walks. The cedars, which a century ago were shorn into shape as duly as their owner's head, were now sadly out of proportion. Wherever there had been vines, there was a prodigious growth, spreading over ten times the original allotment. Here the grapes were hanging for yards along the relics of a fence; there they had crushed a rotting arbor down to the earth. The pear trees, which I could once reach, were now towering, and lordling it over the domain; and a few rheumatic quince-trees looked as if they had been past bearing for an age.

In former days, when English customs were followed without regard to the difference of climate, the apricot, and even the peach, used to be cultivated as wall-fruit; there were some luxuriant specimens along the blind wall of the old hot-house. By the bye, this edifice was now roofless and doorless, and was filled with the last cutting of hay.

In old gardens, especially of the Anglo-Americans of the last century, it was common to mingle fruit, flowers and kitchen-stuff, with a utilitarian confusion. Our fine modern parterres banish many a savory and balsamic herb, of which the sight and flavor come to us laden with youthful reminiscence, and antiquarian legends. These simples used to enter largely into the composition of the old-time housewife, who was always notable as an herbalist. No hoe or weeding-hook had trenched on the liberty of these benign plants, and they had increased and multiplied marvellously, so that the air, under the hot sun, was redolent of their compounded fragrance. Their good old English names are refreshing after the Babel of a modern Conservatory. There is Rosemary, famed since the days of Sancho; and Rue, which Burton saith tends "to expel vain imaginations, divels, and to ease afflicted souls; and Summer-savory, justly so named; and Burnet, or pimpermell, which my

uncle Roger used to put into his cool tankard of sack and water; and Lavender, which reminds me to this day of my mother's laundry, where the maids used to strew it among the linen. There is Sage, of which the proverb tells marvels:

"Cur morietur homo cui Sagina crescit in horto?"

and Thyme, of which a sprig was always tied up with pinks and roses in a nosegay; and Chervil, or Cicely the sweet, and Speedwell, Sweet Basil, and Balm, of which the virtues are such "to help concoction, to cleanse the brain, expel all careful thoughts and anxious imaginations." Ah! I have taken both balm and the rue; but I cannot add, in the terms of the old books, *probatum est*.

There is a fashion in flowers, as in dress. Not that nature changes her favors, but that we are capricious, cherishing one and neglecting another. How different is an old-style garden, such as this, in the style of the plants! Here are no costly tulips; the gorgeous Mexican Dahlia had not found its way into these retreats, nor the Verbena, nor the pensile Fuchsia, nor the Oleander, nor the Camellia, nor any of the host of *parvenus*, whose names betray their alien origin. But on every side I behold the gay but now despised flowers, with honest old English names, which I learned to lisp thirty years ago. There is the Pink and the Sweet-William, the Hollyhock and the Honey-suckle, and twenty different Roses, among them the fragrant Eglantine. There is the Cockspur and Larkspur, the Orange Lily and Lady's Slipper, the Jonquil, the Marygold and the Carnation, the Monkshood, the Pæony and the Poppy. There are native American plants from the woods, some of them grown double in this rich soil; the Anemone, the Virgin's bower,* just in bloom, and spreading its odorous white flowers over rods of the old wall; and the pretty little Orchis, whimsically called Priest-in-the pulpit.†

Even the sunny Nasturtium, welcome both as flowers and as fruit, and the old-fashioned black-currant, served to fill me with the thoughts of my boyhood. But I forbear. Perhaps some reader has found my lines not without a charm, simply from their truth and their resemblance to his own experience. To such a one, it will not be venturing too much to add, that I sought out the cool holly shade, under which my sainted mother used to read to me from the book of God: no temple could be more hallowed. The thick undergrowth of prickly branches forbade my near approach, but the glossy foliage and the "shadowing shroud" were as a sanctuary. "God grant," I cried, "that I may exercise the faith she enjoined upon me in the Saviour of sinners!"

I left the grounds, penetrating through a labyrinth of thorny bushes and vines, and musing upon the hackneyed theme of the changeableness of fortune. The old lines of Shirley were ringing in my ears:

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

COLUMELLA.

* *Clematis Virginiana*.

† *Orchis Spectabilis*.

"RUNAWAY POND."

This is the name given to a place in the town of Glover, Orleans county, Vt., not where there is now a pond, but from which, as the name intimates, a pond once ran away. The facts in regard to this spot were published in 1810, but by many may be forgotten. There was a pond of water about three miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, from which issued a small stream running to the south, and mingling in its course with the waters that flow into the Connecticut river. There was another small stream taking its rise a little to the north and west of this pond, the waters of which were discharged to the north, falling into Barton river, and finally finding their way through lake Memphremagog into the St. Lawrence. On this stream there was a mill; and the owner having viewed the make of the ground to the north end or head of the pond, and finding its elevation so small as to oppose but a trifling obstacle to its running in that direction, conceived the idea of turning its course to the north, so as to aid in the operations of his mill. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, himself and a number of others, went with spades and shovels and commenced digging. They very soon found that a few inches from the surface there was nothing but quick-sand, and the moment the water began to run in that direction, this gave way very rapidly, cutting a channel, and the whole water of the pond soon appeared to rush to that point—the banks of the new stream, caving in, were swept on by the flood, so that the party were only able to escape with their lives. The owner of the mill, seeing at once that there might be more water than he desired, and that his mill might be in danger, very judiciously made a rapid improvement in the advance of the water, and arrived just in time to apprise his wife of her danger, and enabled her to escape from the mill which she was attending in her husband's absence. As the flood moved onward, it bore down everything that opposed its progress, taking along trees, earth, and rocks, and in narrow places in the valley, the moving mass would rise often to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and again reaching a broader place would spread out and leave immense masses of timber, stones, and earth, which, after a lapse of twenty-nine years, are still visible.—The beholder who was not apprized of what had been done, was struck with absolute amazement, as the water, the moving cause, was wholly invisible.—He saw trees of all sizes, and every other substance which could be accumulated, rolling onward; roaring, crashing, and shaking the hills, and leaving perfect desolation in its course—the forest and the morass were both obliterated, the hills were laid low, and the valleys were exalted. It swept this way some twenty miles, the whole distance to lake Memphremagog, where, finding nothing to resist its course, it gradually mingled its placid waters, having erected at every step the most enduring monuments of its resistless power.

The width of this flood was from six or eight rods to near half a mile. When the mighty torrent, rolling onward, struck the mill, for whose benefit this "letting out of waters" was undertaken, it was crushed into atoms, and so completely obliterated that not a vestige has ever been found. There was only here and there a solitary tree left to show that a forest had been there. In one of them, a fish was found twenty feet from the ground.

Among the extraordinary and almost incredible exhibitions of the power of this flood, is the fact, that a rock was moved about half a mile, the estimated weight of which was *fifty tons*!

The pond lay between the mountains, occupying the whole space, and on being drained it was found to have been seventy feet in depth. In the bed of "Runaway Pond," the whole three miles, there is now a leading road to Montpelier. The town of Glover has been greatly benefitted by the opening of this road. A delightful little village now occupies ground that was made by the flood. It may be asked what was the fate of the inhabitants below? The answer is, that twenty-nine years ago there was not a house, and no building except the mill, in the track over which the flood passed. "Runaway Pond" will long continue an object of much curiosity and the history of its unceremonious exit will continue to be told in generations yet to come.—*Boston Weekly Magazine*.

MOHAMMEDANISM AND CHRISTIAN POLITICS.

Our difference with the French about Morocco, seems likely to blow over. The promises of the French minister seem explicit, and the policy of Marshal Bugeaud to avoid any immediate invasion or conquest. The marshal writes, indeed, to the Moorish general, that "God alone is eternal, and that his (the marshal's) patience is not so;" a comical specimen of the Franco-Oriental style. Nevertheless the correspondence between Bugeaud and Guenouai is pacific. The latter says he is forbidden to make war; the former, that he has no mind to it. Surely, with such mutual feelings, the commanders have but to keep the hot spirits of either army apart in order to maintain peace. Should the Prince de Joinville show equal forbearance, which is difficult to expect, the anxiety of a Morocco war may be avoided. The policy of France is now said to be, not to attack the Moors herself, but to impel Spain to attempt it. Narvaez may be allowed to try. For such a war he will require money; he will also be obliged to transport a large body of troops from Spain. The one will exhaust his resources, the other take from under and around him the sole stay of his tyrannic rule. The project of reconquering the South Americans, by Ferdinand, dethroned that potentate in 1821; an attempt to invade Morocco would prove too much for Narvaez in 1844. Spain cannot seriously make the attempt.

But however forbearant the French in appearance, and however powerless the Spaniards, Morocco unfortunately comes into the same position, with regard to the French, that Turkey does with regard to Russia. The weaker power lives evidently, henceforth, under the tolerance of the stronger; now bearing this state with impatience, and breaking into childish war, now endeavoring to conciliate its master by the most slavish obsequiousness. And these take place whilst other powers at once debase, endanger, and disquiet themselves by endeavoring to support the independence of a forward child against an ambitious and unrelenting tutor.

Such a position, as we said last week, is untenable. We may go on in the usual kind of half friendship, half enmity with Russia; for we are not neighbors. One country does not read the lucubrations or respond to the anger of the other.

Russia has no press, no Chambers; her national spirit and susceptibilities lie bosomed behind the buttons of the Czar's military coat. On the contrary, we are next-door neighbor of the French; we walk arm and arm, and feel the very pulsations of each other's hearts; we respect each other too much to be continued enemies; but we are rivals, who ten times a day get into a passion with each other. Actual combat both avoid, for the good reason that nothing is really to be gained by it on either side; but until some general agreement be come to, it is evident that the combat is only adjourned, and that the fortune of war must decide those questions if we do not undertake to settle them otherwise.

The French say we grudge them everything, and deny to a young and growing country that external development which is natural to it. We extend our empire over the globe, yearly annex large states to our empire in India, whilst we grudge them the possession of a barren coast, which is at best but a colony à *déportation*. We, on the other hand, allege that Asia is out of the scope of European politics, at least that the French have no interests there, whilst we insist on preserving the *status quo* in Europe, including those countries of Asia and Africa around the Mediterranean. If such are our views, we had better get them established and sanctioned. If we leave things as they are, viz., France checked solely by the danger of war, she has only to wait for a good opportunity to take what she pleases, desisting at present because Russia and England might unite against her, and drag in the other powers to join them. This conjuncture may not be always so evident or so feasible; and now, therefore, is the time to effect a settlement of Mediterranean states on the principle of the *statu quo*, or on some other understanding. If things be left to themselves, war must sooner or later grow out of them.

Examiner.

A MACHINIST FOR FAIRIES.—Mr. Warner, belonging to the Polytechnic Institution, has just completed the model of a high-pressure steam-engine—so small that it stands upon a fourpenny-piece, with ground to spare! Each part is made according to scale, and the whole, with the exception of the fly-wheel, may be covered with a thimble. But it is not simply a model outwardly, it *works* with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure, (in lieu of steam,) and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen laboring and heaving under the first influence, is indescribably pleasing. Some months have been expended upon the structure of this lilliputian engine by Mr. Warner; and the difficulty of the undertaking may be easily conceived when it is remembered how minute the valves, pistons, sockets, screws and hidden apparatus must be, and how accurately they must be moulded and fitted, to insure unbroken functional motion. It is altogether a pretty toy, and an extraordinary instance of what patience, perseverance, and expert artisanship can accomplish. But Mr. Warner is a practised hand at such curiosities. He has scissors so minute that some hundreds of them go to the ounce, and there are knives belonging to the same family which, small as they are, open and shut with a smart click. Mr. Warner, we should imagine, works exclusively for the fairies—no doubt he is entitled by letters patent to wear Oberon's arms over his door.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNEY TO EGYPT AND SYRIA.

BY DR. L. LOEWE, IN THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.

In July, 1837, I left England in the *John Wood* steamer, landed at Havre, and reached Paris, on my pilgrimage to the East.

One of my letters of introduction at Paris was to Sir Sidney Smith, who received me with much kindness, and on my first interview, kept me with him for some hours, recounting many of his adventures; indeed, he gave me a sketch of the whole war with Napoleon. His description was so energetic and vivid, that I was highly amused and instructed. Sir Sidney testified a zealous interest in my design, and gave me a letter of introduction to Mohammed Ali.

On arriving at Syria, from Malta, I was conducted, with the rest of the passengers by the steamer, to the Lazaretto, a building which had less the appearance of a human habitation than anything I had yet seen. The room we were to occupy was less comfortable than many prisons. It was full of rats and mice, fierce and voracious. Our sleeping-place was a large shelf, without even a mat. Upon our happy liberation from this miserable prison, which a small outlay would render tolerable, we were conveyed by the *Scamandre* steamer to the harbor of Alexandria, and landing in the evening, though it was quite dark, the dead silence, which distinguishes this land from every other, and the groups of troublesome dogs prowling in the streets, assured us that we were in Egypt.

For the first time, I now heard the Arabic tongue spoken in Egypt; but the accentuation and tone did not enable me to understand it. The physician of the steamer conducted me to the house of a family of Egyptian Christians, a member of which had been indebted to his medical skill for her life. We were cordially received by the family. The doctor could only employ the Italian language; I tried to help him with my Arabic, but could not make myself understood.

Near the European quarter of the city are some of the most miserable-looking huts that can be conceived; so low, that a person of middle stature can scarcely stand upright in them; without windows or chimneys, and capable of holding four persons each. Into these dens are crowded men, women, children, and donkeys, all huddled together.

I was anxious to obtain from the Alexandrian Jews some information respecting the celebrated temple of Alexandria, erected by the influence of Onias, an edifice which was thought to rival in splendor the temple of Jerusalem; but neither the Rabbi, nor any of his friends, can afford me any new particulars on the subject. The temple was erected in the time of Ptolemy Philometer, and after remaining for two hundred years an evidence of the prosperity of the Israelites in Egypt, this magnificent pile was shut up in the reign of the Emperor Caius, and in Vespasian's time was utterly destroyed.

In my passage from Adfeh to Cairo, I was delighted with the picturesque scenery on the banks of the majestic river, clothed with verdure, and studded with lofty palm trees.

As soon as I had reached Cairo, I hastened, like all other travellers in this region, to visit the pyramids of Gizeh.

I started an hour or two after midnight, taking with me food sufficient for three days, some wax candles, and a gun. The English consul, Dr Walne, had furnished me with a letter to the late Mr. E. J. Andrews, then employed in taking drawings of the pyramids for Col. Vyse. He had one of the kings' tombs put in order for me, wherein I might sleep at night and study during the day; it was provided with a bedstead, table, chairs, and every article necessary for comfort. Mr. Andrews had another tomb adjacent to mine fitted up as a little drawing-room, since he preferred sleeping in the open air. The first night, although I lay upon a comfortable bed, the idea that I was reposing in a tomb in the Lybian desert, at the foot of the pyramids, produced an indefinable sensation which completely banished sleep, and I was presently attacked by the mosquitoes, which would have prevented me from closing my eyes had I been ever so inclined to sleep. Ever since my landing in Alexandria, I had been miserably tormented by these insects, and my body had been constantly covered with "blains of the Nile."

At daybreak, my friend came into my apartment. The sun, appearing to rise majestically from out of the Nile, shed a flood of glorious light on the summits of the pyramids. Three Arab girls, with water-pots, were cooling the arid sand near our habitation. There was something so impressive in this scene, that I stood for some time contemplating it. I was awakened from this reverie by Mr. Andrews, who summoned me to a breakfast of Arab bread, toasted, with butter, coffee, tea, eggs, and dates of Gizeh, which I relished more than any breakfast in my life before. I could scarcely believe that I was now realizing that object for which I had yearned for years, and actually in the presence of the pyramids.

After smoking a pipe and taking some more coffee—a necessary preliminary in this country—we started for the pyramids, mounted upon asses. On arriving at the base of the great pyramid, my astonishment at its immensity made me silent. We entered it; in one of the upper rooms I copied the hieroglyphs which denote the name of Saouphis, the same monarch who is commonly known as Cheops. This day was occupied in examining the interior of the pyramid. The ensuing morning, we proceeded to ascend the summit. The trepidation with which I at first contemplated this undertaking subsided as I approached it. The stones are large, some of them so much so that you must make four or five steps from the outer edge to the next stone upwards. Thus the ascent is gradual, and it was only on looking back that I perceived the progress I was making. The magnificent prospect from the summit has been often described. We could walk about perfectly at our ease on this elevated terrace.

The two following days we examined the second and third pyramids, inspected several tombs, and took a general view of the cemetery; I then returned to Cairo. Here I passed two months, applying myself to my studies in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Egyptian.

Occasionally I made excursions in the environs of Cairo, and once I joined the English consul in a visit to the ruins of Memphis. The colossal statue of Rhameses III. excited my admiration. It

is now the property of the English. I here made the acquaintance of Prince Puckler Muskau, who was on his return from Upper Egypt.

Finding that, in two months, I could converse freely in Arabic, I began to meditate an excursion into Upper Egypt. Prince Puckler Muskau endeavored to persuade me to ascend the river as far as Meroë, and I should have done so if Dr. Holroyd, on his arrival from Sennaar, had not assured me that I might suffer severe privations if I were not provided with extensive and various resources.

After another visit to the pyramids, where I spent a few days with Mr. Andrews, copying inscriptions and hieroglyphics, I made preparations for my journey, and agreeably to the advice I received, assumed the costume of a Turk, with pistols, sword, and a *coorbadj*, or whip, made of hippopotamus hide. Dr. Holroyd assuring me that such an instrument was considered in Egypt as an emblem of great authority. I then engaged a *canjca*, or boat, the crew of which consisted of five Nubians, besides two I had engaged to take to Assouan. I embarked on the 15th November.

It is needless to relate what most travellers experience, the bad faith of the *rais*, or master of the boat, and the mutinous disposition of the crew, which compelled me to employ the *coorbadj*, much against my inclination. On the 4th December, I found myself abreast of Assouan, where I quitted the boat for a time, the trip to Philoë, a ride of two hours and a half, being performed on camels.

The black rocks scattered here and there in the desert which is crossed have inscriptions rudely carved upon them by visitors to the island of Philoë in ancient times. Many of them, which are in hieroglyphics, refer to kings, and these are of the character denominated by the Greeks *ποικυλισματα*, "religious homage." They belong to the remotest ages, and some are very legible.

We soon emerged from the village upon the desert; our *rashid*, or guide, taking the lead over the trackless space that presented itself with as much confidence, and as much accuracy, as a coachman drives his vehicle through the streets of London or Paris. He was wrapped in a large sheet, which gave him the appearance of a living mummy, and his silence (for he seldom opened his lips) sustained the illusion. The two Nubians and my servant had fallen asleep, and a profound silence reigned throughout this vast expanse of desolation, which afforded me the opportunity of indulging in grateful meditation, from which I was roused by perceiving that my *coorbadj* had fallen off the saddle. This being an indispensable article, I directed the *rashid* to return in search of it, whilst we went on. We soon lost sight of him, and the moon becoming obscured, I was in great apprehension lest we should miss the guide. He returned, however, in about half an hour, but without the *coorbadj*.

The first resting-place was surrounded by thorn-bushes, of a species so singular as to raise the belief that they had sprung up in the desert, at the Almighty's express command, for the service of the weary pilgrim. They present the phenomenon of being fresh, moist, and green in one part, whilst the other is dry, parched, and crisp; so that the green boughs afford food for beasts, and the other fuel for a brisk fire, which was necessary to warm our benumbed limbs, and coffee for our breakfast.

Though the thorns upon these bushes are so very hard and sharp that they pierced a thick-soled shoe, the camels devoured them with avidity.

Having become accustomed to the motion of a dromedary, I re-commenced the march with exhilarated spirits, solacing myself with the never-failing pipe. The desert appeared marked by immense masses of black rock, which made the road so rugged that portions of the camels' loads fell off, and some articles, rolling down ugly-looking ravines, were lost. The heat and glare at midday were great; but my eyes were protected by gauze spectacles, and my head was shrouded in a large turban.

We halted the next night at a wild, unsheltered spot. Upon waking in the morning, a party of Nubians passed us, going in a contrary direction to Wady Khalfa. They were armed with large, extraordinary-looking swords, made at Dongola, which they used as walking-sticks, and had no dress but a slight cincture. Just before sunset this day, we arrived at Samneh, which, as far as I could see, scarcely differed from any other part of the desert. I proceeded to the river, to look for the *birbe*, or temple, and it filled me with melancholy to perceive not a living creature, or the sign of a human habitation. My Nubian attendant, by a loud call, attracted a black man to us, who emerged from behind some rocks, like an apparition. He was entirely naked, except a small square piece of cloth tied round his loins, his head being uncovered. He consented to be my guide to the temple. On our way we were joined by another black man, who was sitting half-buried in the sand, eating locusts, with the same sort of relish which an alderman of London might exhibit in feasting upon turtle. Our course lay over large hills of sand, in which I frequently sank half-way up my body. At length, we came to a large brick enclosure, on the level summit of a high rock, on an angle facing the north; within it I perceived an edifice almost hidden in sand, to remove which I employed the two black strangers, desiring them to get as many other men as they could procure.

I now considered how I should get across the river next morning, as another antiquity lay on the opposite bank. One of the blacks assured me that a friend of his had a boat, and would convey me across. I accordingly rose early, (finding my tent, though well secured, half covered with sand,) but, after waiting a full hour, saw no boat. Growing impatient, I sought for my black friends, and found, to my great surprise, one sleeping on the sand, and the other quietly eating locusts. Upon inquiring about the boat, this man said, "I shall make it!" Surprised that a boat, which I had expected to be ready for my conveyance, had yet to be constructed, I expostulated; and finding that soothing, persuasive words made the man insolent, I changed my tone, and first touching my pistol and then lifting a stick, I said, "Let the boat be got ready without delay." He submissively replied, "Directly," and ran off, calling upon some one to assist him. Finding no boat make its appearance, I went in search of the boat-promiser, and ascending an eminence, I came upon a little hut, partly hidden by projecting rocks. A straw mat lay before the entrance, or rather aperture, formed by a pile of large rough stones. I entered this hut, which I found deserted recently, for over a small heap of burning straw was a

pan with locusts in it frying. With the exception of a straw mat, the room contained no furniture. I called, and at length a female, the wife of my black acquaintance, presented herself, trembling. I dispelled her alarm by telling her I intended no harm to her or her husband; that I only wanted the boat. My servant, arriving, spread my mat on the floor, and I smoked my pipe, whilst in conversation with the Nubian. She soon became familiar, and presently unloosed from her neck a large handkerchief, containing a quantity of live locusts, which she proceeded to fry in the pan. Though her apparel was very scanty, her head was adorned with a profusion of curls, very closely laid; her features were not unpleasing. Whilst I conversed with her, I noticed that her fugitive husband was peeping through an aperture in the hut, listening eagerly to what was said. Presently, the other black man arrived with the intelligence that the boat was almost ready, and at length I was conducted to the river side.

Upon arriving at the place of embarkation, what was my surprise and alarm at beholding, not a boat, but a few rough logs of palm-tree wood, lashed temporarily together! Overcoming my reluctance to trust my life to this frail machine, I at length got into it; the two men jumped into the river, and, swimming themselves, propelled the raft to the opposite bank, half my body being immersed in the stream during the transit. When we landed, the two swimmers threw themselves on the sand, and rolled in it so as to cover their bodies with it, advising me to do the same, as a remedy against the bad effects of the cold water.

THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friend by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Troth you won't, sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, (after making certain "approaches" as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant,) might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Troth I do sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plase your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed," rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Troth then, they're not sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 't was when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading him into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a *raison* he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her."

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps was chok'd, (devil choke them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a keg o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortail hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her."

"Well, we dhripped away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket on the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murder, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wonder of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae."

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, an the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a think was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh! murder, murder, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I."

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same."

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plase you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute*

island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they would n't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a sudden,' says he.

"Thru for you, captain darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thru for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and thunder and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"What for?' says he.

"I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-in-near—that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away my boys,' says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I; 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oecant,' says I.

"Tut, you fool,' says he, 'for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's France,' says he.

"Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same; and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will.'

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"Why then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you could n't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a pelican o' the woldherness,' says he.

"Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sitch a *gommo*ch all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake,' says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beef-stake,' says he.

"Sure, could n't we cut a slice aff the pork,' says I.

"By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin.

"Oh there's many a thru word said in joke,' says I.

"Thru for you, Paddy,' says he.

"Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant,' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ax them to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnist now,' says he; 'you gommo,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"What do you mane?' says he.

"I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"Make me sinsible,' says he.

"By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oecant.

"Leave aff your humbuggin,' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"Parly voo frongsay,' says I.

"Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"Parly voo frongsay,' says I.

"By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I nivir met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he—'pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white shrand, an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowl and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rd's a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timptin' like.

"By the powhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty pilite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more to be taken fion furriners, which they call so mighty pilite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so, says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard o' ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and

if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar commin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, Sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all, at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had sivin heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onasay—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'but it's only in regard of bein cast away; and if you plaze, sir, says I, '*Parly voo Frongsay.*'

"'We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the devil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and troth, my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthrees,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' drink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte.*'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—'*Parly—voo—Frongsay, munseer!*'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad seran to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Poo!—the devil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all, at all; but can't you listen to reason,' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"'We munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his own noddle, as much as to say he would n't: and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—troth if you were in my country it's not that a-way they'd use you; the curse of the crows an

you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the devil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christian at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?'—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*' says I.—'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'the curse of the hungry an you, you owld negarly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand, and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself,' says I; and with that I left them there, and kem away—and in throth it's often since that *I thought it was remarkable.*"

LOSS IS LOSS.

It may be well to advert to a very prevalent error of the popular mind with regard to insurance. When any great fire takes place, such as those which have lately happened in Liverpool and Manchester, the paragraphist usually closes his account of it with the consoling words, "We are happy to learn that the property was insured to the amount of £30,000, which will nearly cover the whole loss!" The reader, previously much distressed by the details of the event, now cheers up, and goes on to the next paragraph with a reassured mind, thinking to himself, "Well, after all, there's no loss; that's a blessing!" So, also, when it is stated that the average loss of British shipping per annum reaches about two and a half millions, and is attended by the average loss of fifteen hundred lives, the public mourns for the poor men who have perished in the cause of mercantile enterprise, but takes complacent views of the pecuniary part of the calamity, for "all that comes upon the underwriters, you know." Because the owners of the property are not the losers, because the loss comes upon a company of insurers, it is supposed by the bulk of the public to be no loss at all. Now the fact is, that the houses burnt, and the ships sunk or dashed to pieces, with all the goods concerned in both instances, are as much *lost* in the one case as the other. The loss is not concentrated, as it would have been in early times, upon one or a few persons, but it is fully and unequivocally a loss nevertheless—that is, a destruction of the products of human industry, and a diminution of the possessions of the community; the only difference is, in its being diffused over a large surface. How truly loss is loss to insurers, could, we believe, be most pathetically shown in the state of several companies for sea-risks at the present time, suffering, as they are, from the unusual amount of maritime disaster which has marked the last three years. It is easy, with a little reflection, to see how the loss of capital to the shareholders in such concerns will tell upon the public interest, as all diminutions of the capital of a country are so much taken from the means of employing labor and producing further wealth. And it is equally easy to see how even the owners of shipping, however fully they may insure, have an interest in minimizing loss at sea, as the smaller the average of such loss, the smaller must be the premiums required for insuring sea property. The losses, therefore, of marine and fire insurance companies, are losses in which the public is reasonably called to sympathize, and which it is their interest to see reduced to the smallest possible amount.—*Chambers' Journal.*

POETS' CORNER AND POETS' FUNERALS.

INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE poet of "Hope" and "Hohenlinden" was buried on Wednesday last, in Westminster Abbey, in that part of the building called the south-transept, or Poet's Corner. No poet of our generation could have made good a better claim to such sepulture than Thomas Campbell. He well deserves to lie in classic ground:—

My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room—
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

Mr. Campbell's book, that neat pyramid, which Cowley commends so warmly, is more than enough for fame hereafter. Collins and Gray together, can, in bulk, barely make a volume.

A poet's interment, in Poet's Corner, is a rare occurrence; the last person essentially and entirely a poet who was buried there, was Gay, who died in 1732. Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, Macpherson, and Gifford, can make but slender claims to the bays and "singing robes" of poets, for their greater works have little to do with poetry so called, or with the divine fury of the Muse. Considering, therefore, the long interval that has elapsed, and the high honor so lately paid to Mr. Campbell, in the noble attendance that stood beside his grave, it would not, perhaps, be thought ill-timed or out of place if, before we describe Mr. Campbell's funeral, we here relate the history of Poet's Corner, and refer our readers back to the funeral honors that have been paid our poets, long since or more lately dead.

We had no poets to inter before Gower and Chaucer; and Gower was a man of wealth, who had money to leave for the erection of his own monument, and the performance of a yearly obit for his soul. The obit ceased at the Reformation, but the monument still exists in St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark, where the poet's head may be seen resting on three stone books, with a chapel upon it, like a coronet of four roses. The morning star of English verse, old Geoffrey Chaucer, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, that is, *without* the building; but a poet and scholar of Oxford, by name Nicholas Brigham, removed his remains, in 1555, to their present resting-place, in the south cross aisle of the church, and erected the monument to the noble old poet, which we still see standing in Poet's Corner.

Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, on the 16th January, 1598-9, actually, we are told, "for lack of bread." He refused twenty *pieces* sent him by my Lord of Essex, and said he was sorry he had no time to spend them:—

And had not that great heart (whose honored head,
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woful plight,
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Ublest, nor graced with any common rite.

Phineas Fletcher.

"He was buried," says Campbell, "according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number) followed his

hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave." Twenty years after his decease, Daniel's kind patroness, the Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription which the poet Mason transferred, in 1778, from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which still remains an *exact* imitation of the original.

The next great poet interred in Poets' Corner, was Francis Beaumont—

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

The day of his death is unknown, but he was buried on the 9th March, 1615-16. He was only thirty years old when he died; and his epitaph was written by his elder brother, the poet of Bosworth Field:—

Thou shouldst have followed me, but death, to blame,
Miscounted years and measured age by fame.

No "great heart" came forward to honor his memory in marble, and the associate of Fletcher still sleeps beneath a rude and nameless stone.

Drayton, who died in 1631, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner, for he lies, says Heylin, who was at his funeral, "under the north wall, near a little door which opens to one of the prebendal houses." The same Countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument, bestowed a marble bust upon Michael Drayton, and Jonson or Quarles supplied that noble epitaph still half legible in Poets' Corner. In 1637 Ben Jonson followed his friend Drayton to the grave. Ben, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner: why is unknown. He is buried in the north aisle of the nave, with this brief inscription to denote the spot: "O Rare Ben Jonson"—"which was donne," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young, (afterwards knighted,) who walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."

The next poet buried in Westminster Abbey was buried in Poets' Corner. This was Thomas May, (Secretary May,) the translator of Lucan, and the historian of the Long Parliament. But May was not allowed to lie too long in Poets' Corner. At the Restoration his body was taken up and thrown into a pit dug for the purpose in the neighboring churchyard of St. Margaret's. Still greater indignities awaited Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw and Blake. May's monument was destroyed at the same time—it stood where Triplett's stands.

At Chertsey, on the Thames, on the 28th July 1667, died Abraham Cowley. The body of the great poet was brought by water from Chertsey to Whitehall—

Oh, early lost! what tears the River shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!

Pope.

Evelyn was at his friend's funeral, and thus records the ceremony: "3 Aug. 1667.—Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corps lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, were an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and neere Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory." Wallingford House was the town residence of Villiers, Duke of Bucking-

ham, at whose expense the "goodly monument" was afterwards erected.

In March, 1668, died at his official house in Scotland-yard, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill. He died mad, nor have we any account of his interment in Poets' Corner. He was buried, however, close to Cowley, whose "death and burial amongst the ancient poets," he has celebrated in one of the very best of his poems. Davenant followed Denham in less than a month, and was buried where May had been before. This circumstance is curious. At Jonson's death both Davenant and May were candidates for the vacant laurel. It was given to Davenant, so much to May's mortification, that for this reason alone he was said, by the adverse party, to have sided with the parliament against the king. Davenant was the patentee of the duke's theatre; and all his company, with Betterton at their head, attended his body to the grave. "He was buried in Westminster Abbey," says old Downes, the prompter, "near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral."

Glorious John Dryden was the next great poet buried in Poets' Corner. A private burial in an adjoining churchyard was all that was at first intended, and the funeral procession was actually on its way to so obscure a grave, when it was interrupted, and strange as it may appear, actually put an end to. The chief movers in this extraordinary proceeding were the witty Earl of Dorset, and the second Lord Jefferys, the son of the notorious Judge Jefferys. The poet's body, at their request, was then conveyed to the house of Mr. Russel, a celebrated undertaker, for the purpose of embalment. From Mr. Russel's it was moved to the College of Physicians, where it lay for ten days in state. The after-history of this second funeral is thus given in the papers of that period: "The corps of that great and witty poet, John Dryden, Esq., having lain in state for some time in the College of Physicians, was yesterday [13 May, 1700] carried in great state to Westminster Abbey, where he was interred with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. But before he was removed from the College, Dr. Garth made an eloquent oration in Latin, in praise of the deceased; and the ode of Horace, beginning *Eregi monumentum ære perennius*, set to mournful music, was sung there, with a concert of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The corps was preceded by several mourners on horseback; before the hearse went the music on foot, who made a very harmonious noise. The hearse was followed by twenty coaches, drawn by six horses, and twenty-four drawn by two horses each, most of them in mourning."

After this newspaper paragraph, the reader will not, perhaps, think Farquhar's Picture of the Funeral too highly colored for the truth. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where he had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we do not think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen." All this *getting-up* at the College was done by Dr. Garth. "The best good Christian, without knowing it," that Pope had ever known. Mr. Russel's bill is a curiosity in its way, and of more than ordinary interest at this moment.

Mr. Russell's Bill for Mr. Dryden's Funerals.
For the Funerall of Esqre. Dryden.

	£.	s.	d.
A double coffin covered with cloath, and set of [off] with work guilt with gold,	5	0	0
A herse with six white Flanders horses,	1	10	0
Covering the herse with velvet, and velvet housings for the horses,	1	0	0
17 plumes of feathers for herse and horses,	3	0	0
Hanging the Hall with a border of bays,	5	0	0
6 dozen of paper escucheons for the Hall,	3	12	0
A large pall of velvet,	0	10	0
10 silk escucheons for the pall,	2	10	0
24 buck. escucheons for herse and horses,	2	8	0
12 shields and six shaffroones for ditto,	2	8	0
3 mourning coaches with six horses,	2	5	0
Silver dish and rosemary,	0	5	0
8 scarves for musicianers,	2	0	0
8 hatbands for ditto,	1	0	0
17 y'ds of crape to cover their instruments,	1	14	0
4 mourning cloakes,	0	10	0
Pd 6 men moving the corps to the Hall,	0	6	0
8 horsemen in long cloakes to ride before the herse,	4	0	0
13 footmen in velvet capps to walk on each side the herse,	1	19	0
6 porters that attended at the doores, and walked before the herse to the Abby, in mourning gowns and staves,	1	10	0
An achievement for the house,	3	10	0
	£45	17	0

Nicholas Rowe, who died in King-street, Covent Garden, on the 16th of December, 1718, was the next poet of eminence interred in Poets' Corner. He was buried at night, in a grave "over against Chaucer," his friend, Dr. Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, reading the burial service. Another six months gone by, and Addison is buried in the same grave. This delightful writer died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, from whence his body was conveyed to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state. Addison was buried at night, a circumstance beautifully alluded to by Tickell, in his Elegy on his death:—

Can I forget the dismal night that gave,
My soul's best part forever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last word, that dust to dust conveyed!

"It was her wish," says Campbell of Mrs. Siddons, "that she should be interred with the plainest simplicity; and I know not how it is, but so it is, that I visit her suburban grave with calmer sensations of melancholy pleasure than if I had to approach it in Westminster Abbey—

Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!"

Prior was the next, in point of time, interred in Poets' Corner. "It is my will," he says, "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon

may be expressed the public employments I have bore. The inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busts expressed in marble by Coriveaux placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside." * * "I had not strength enough," says Atterbury, "to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have showed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster." We quote the inadmissible triplet, because, at this time, the past and present opinions of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are of some consequence:—

To me 't was given to die; to thee 't is given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even—
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven.

A melancholy truth, told aptly, is infinitely more admissible than a whole catalogue of virtues which human frailty never could possess.

Congreve followed Prior, but the witty dramatist is buried not in Poets' Corner, but as far from kings and poets as he well could lie. The author of the "Old Bachelor" died at his house in Surrey-street, in the Strand, whence his body was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state, before it was interred in the south transept of the Abbey. The six pall-bearers were, the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, Mr. George Berkeley, and General Churchill.

On the 4th of December died Johnny Gay,—the simple and gentle-hearted Gay, who breathed his last at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, from whence, we are told, "his body was brought by the Company of Upholders to Exeter 'change, in the Strand; where, after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horsemen, to Westminster Abbey. The pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Viscount Cornbury; the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dornier, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope (the poet.) The service was read by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, the choir attending."

The body of David Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, on the 1st of February, 1779, to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, "where it was interred," says Davies, "under the monument of his beloved Shakspeare." The "Order" of the funeral may be found appended to every Life of the great actor. There was no lying-in-state in the Jerusalem Chamber, but the body was received at the west-door, by the Dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir, preceded the corpse up the centre aisle; the full organ and choir performing Purcell's grand funeral service. The pall-bearers, on this occasion, were, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Lord Camden, Earl of Ossory, and Viscount Palmerston. Twenty-four of the principal actors of both theatres; and Dr. Johnson and other members of "The Club" attended to the grave the man, of whom it was said that his death eclipsed for a time the gaiety of nations.

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend and pupil, Garrick, to the grave. "His funeral was attended," says Boswell, "by a respectable number of friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary Club as were in town; and was also honored with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman bore his pall. His schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the funeral service." The great lexicographer lies buried close to the coffin of his friend Garrick.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan died in Saville Row, on the 7th of July, 1816, and on the 14th, his body was buried in the south cross-aisle of Westminster Abbey. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer. May we not exclaim with Pope, on this funeral solemnity:—

"But yet the rich have something in reserve,
They help'd to bury whom they help'd to starve!"

Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles' in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller in Beaconsfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church at Chichester; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogeis, where he conceived his "Elegy;" Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holburn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossstwaite church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;" Keats beside him, "under the pyramid, which is the tomb of Cestius;" and Thomas Campbell in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

Few of our poets would appear to have left any particular directions about their graves. Dr. Donne designed his own strange monument for old St. Paul's; "Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;" and Swift expressed a wish on paper that he should be buried in some dry part of St. Patrick's Cathedral; "I desire (he says in his will) that my body may be buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh; three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at 12 o'clock at night." Pope has an epitaph, "for one (meaning himself) who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey."

• • • "As to my body (he says,) my will is that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning." • • • "I do desire (says Gray) that my body may be deposited in the vault, made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered." Men, like ladies, have their particularities for the grave—and where they are reasonable in request, it is only common charity to see them carried into execution.

It is a singular circumstance, unobserved on this occasion, that another of our poets should have died, like Campbell, at Boulogne. This was Charles Churchill, who died in that city, on the 4th of November, 1764. The coincidence is still more curious, because there was some talk at the time of making a formal application for placing a monument to his memory, "amongst our ancient poets." "Some of his admirers (says Southey) were inconsiderate enough to talk of erecting a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; but if permission had been asked it must necessarily have been refused; it would have been not less indecent to grant than to solicit such an honor, for a clergyman who had thrown off his gown, and renounced, as there appeared too much reason to apprehend, his hope in Christ."

The remains of Mr. Campbell were brought from Boulogne on Sunday last, and deposited two days after in a vault under the Jerusalem Chamber, preparatory to his interment in Poets' Corner on the following Wednesday. The friends and admirers of the poet were made aware by letter of the day of burial, with an intimation, at the same time, that the executors and friends would assemble in the Jerusalem Chamber, and follow from that celebrated room their lamented poet to his grave. In compliance with this intimation, so completely accordant with their own feelings, upwards of one hundred noblemen and gentlemen assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber. Amongst those present, we observed; the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Morpeth, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Leigh, and Sir Robert Peel (pall bearers,) Lord Strangford, Lord Dudley Stuart, Sir John Hobhouse, the Belgian Ambassador, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Sheil, Sir Percy Shelley, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Sir John Hanmer, Dr. Croly, Mr. Lockhart, the Rev. W. Harness, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Browning, &c., with the two executors Dr. Beattie and Mr. William Moxon.

By some unfortunate mismanagement, the procession had moved on, and part of the service had commenced before the poet's friends in the Jerusalem Chamber, were made aware that their attendance was required. On entering the Abbey after the summons came, it was seen at a glance that a push must be made by all who desired to be present at the ceremony, for crowds unasked had already assembled, with greater opportunities of getting within the limits of seeing. A quick succession of feet was heard—then a run, and a cry of "stand back," while a spiked barrier was closed by the vergers. All was crush, disorder, and remonstrance: Farquhar's description of Dryden's funeral came across our minds, and then the scene described by Mrs. Thomas, and demolished by Malone. Nor did we forget a memorable stanza in Coleridge:—

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark.

Remonstrances were at length of some avail, a flash of information coming across the attendants' minds, that the old "companions" of the poet were wholly excluded. Spiked barriers and iron gates began to open, and the friends of the poet, by the time the service was half over, were permitted to come forward. The scene as you approached was strikingly impressive; the whole transept was filled with anxious faces. The pall was placed upon the coffin in the middle of the transept, and the grave was seen dug above the grave of Dr. Johnson, for in so crowded a spot a spare corner for even a poet like Campbell, is of much importance. The well-known voice of Mr. Milman was heard reading the burial service over the grave of his friend and fellow-poet; Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Brougham were seen standing at the foot of Addison's statue, and the present Duke of Argyll at the base of Roubiliac's fine monument to the great Duke of Argyll. All assembled seemed sensible that a poet's ashes were being committed to poetic ground, and all on their departure took pleasure in acknowledging that our great statesmen had done justice to themselves, in paying homage to the majesty of genius.

At that part of the service, where we "commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin of their friend some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of the great Kosciusko.

All that now remains to be done, is to erect an appropriate monument to the poet's memory, in Poet's Corner. This should be done at once.

MOROCCO.—The following extract of a letter dated Tangier, June 20, shows the state of things there at that time:—"What on earth is to become of Morocco! Now indeed their hand is against every man's, and every man's hand against them. No sooner had we begun to hope that matters might be adjusted between them and their ancient Spanish enemy, than France commences hostilities. And, in the event of a war, the chances are, that some insult will be offered to the English by the indiscriminating Kabyles' which would bring England also down upon them. Sweden and Denmark have refused paying tribute, which the Sultan persists in demanding; so they are every way beset. It seems the Moors have always had forebodings of this year. For a long time they have been exhorting each other to beware of 1260 (which, according to their reckoning, is the present year.) Our little bay is filled with vessels of war of all nations, the ultimatum not yet having arrived from the Sultan. In case of a rupture, we have everything to fear from the tribes of the interior, who always avail themselves of such opportunities to enter the towns for plunder, and in their zeal their first thought would be to murder the Christians. They are fighting desperately, not many miles off. We are to lay in stores in case of a bombardment, and know not whither to look for a solution of this."

DAY OF HUMILIATION AND PRAYER FOR O'CONNELL.—Sunday, the 28th of July next, has been determined on by the Catholic clergy of Ireland, as a day of general humiliation and prayer for "the repeal martyrs."

FROM CAPTAIN BELLOW'S REMINISCENCES, IN THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.

THE MISSIONARY.—Just before we left the army, the lieutenant read a letter from the general, or some one in authority, requesting him to give convoy to a missionary who was proceeding to Guzerat, and to show him all kindness and attention as far as we were going on his route (i. e. to Kotah.) Such a request was tantamount to an order, (not that there was any inclination to decline it on that account,) and the missionary, in consequence, united his small marching establishment to ours. He was somewhat of an original, from the foot of the Caucasus, and his father, he told us, (the commander or proprietor of a trading vessel in the Persian Gulf,) had been killed by the Joassmee pirates. After this, he passed through various vicissitudes of fortune, and ultimately found himself in Calcutta, where, or rather at Serampore, he was converted from a state of scepticism by the preaching of one of the missionaries, either Dr. Ward or Dr. Marshman, I think he said. So great and permanent was the effect produced in his views and inclinations by this change in his religious sentiments, that he determined to devote his future life to the work of proselytizing the "heathen," in which he was evidently engaged at the time we fell in with him. He was a rather stout-built man, of the middle size, of a sallow complexion, and mild and benevolent expression of countenance. 'Tis hard to dive into men's secret motives, sometimes hardly known to themselves, "they come in such a questionable shape;" but I believe the zeal of the good "padre," as we called him, was perfectly genuine, and little, if at all, tainted by mere worldly considerations. His travelling equipage consisted of a diminutive tent, called a "routy," two trunks, a small camp-table, a charpoy, and a chair, the whole carried on a couple of camels. He rode on a tattoo, or pony; jogging along on which, with his somewhat Sancho-Panzaish figure, and huge Sombrero hat, (*solah topee*,) his appearance was not a little grotesque. The principal contents of his camel-trunks were religious tracts, in various languages of the East; in many of which—Persian, Arabic, Hindoostanee, &c.—the padre was a complete proficient. Besides these and other things, they contained sundry plates, dishes, tea-cups and saucers, called by the missionary his "crockeries," which were constantly meeting with some mishap. He usually preceded us on the march, for the purpose, if an opportunity offered, of preaching to the natives as he went along; and more than once we came upon him amidst a picturesque group of Rajpoots, haranguing them with apostolic fervor, they staring on him, open-mouthed, with that species of astonishment which would be felt, doubtless, by a knot of our country bumpkins, were a moollah or byraggie suddenly to tumble in amongst them on a village green, and to hold forth respectively on the transcendent merits of the *Koran*, or the wonderful incarnations of Vishnu. Having preached and distributed his tracts, he would resume his journey, and ultimately join us at breakfast, where he had generally some little adventure to relate connected with his missionary efforts, or some sad tale to tell of disasters which had befallen his "crockeries"—a portion of his property on which he seemed (doubtless from the difficulty of obtaining such things in the wilds) to set an extraordinary value. His camels were,

truly, more than ordinarily addicted to genuflections, and several times came down in the rocky cross-roads, to the great distress of the worthy missionary and the damage of his "crockeries," each successive diminution of which would elicit a very amusing Jeremiad in English, as much broken as the cups and saucers themselves, and which it was impossible to listen to with the requisite amount of composure. Though, however, very amusing, the missionary was a man eminently entitled to respect, having every appearance (and there is a truthfulness in the look, the voice and the manner of some persons not to be mistaken) of being really benevolent and sincere. Pluckly and I took a great liking to him, and gave him the best we had, and that "not grudgingly." His thoughts were rational, and his conversation was instructive, for he had seen much of the ups and downs of life, though the medium of rather broken English he employed often imparted a dash of the ludicrous which did not intrinsically belong to them; 'twas the "sage" in the garb of the "drole," or merry Andrew. I believe it to be next to impossible for any man, however strong his sense and great his talents, to express himself in a language with which he is but imperfectly acquainted, without exciting a sense of the ridiculous in his hearers, and very materially impairing the value of what he says: so it was with the padre. For example, I was one day speaking in his presence of the works of Voltaire, Gibbon, &c., when he exclaimed, very earnestly, "Ah, my good young friend, don't you read dis book; dey are, belif me, de 'tigers in de sheepskins.'"

At Kotah, then ruled by the celebrated Zalim Singh—a sort of Indian mayor of the palace, and a very extraordinary man—we halted for some days, and found it a well-built and flourishing place, surrounded by strong walls and defences. Here we were visited by the rajah's head pundit and a Mohammedan of his household, both attracted in a great measure by the report, which had got abroad, that we had an English priest with us in camp. It was, I conceive, the business of the first of these persons to supply the rajah with spiritual comfort and keep his conscience in good order, whilst the latter's occupations were, I fancy, rather of an opposite tendency. This man—a voluble, forward fellow, rejoicing in the name of Cheragh Ally, or the "lamp of Ally," and who catered for the rajah's amusements—informed us that his master had a great taste for European science and inventions, and he understood that we made a number of wonderful things in our *Belaat* ("country, Europe,") and amongst others a *durbeen*, or telescope, by means of which we could examine the bottom of seas and rivers; one of these the rajah, he said, was most anxious to procure, being curious to know what was going on amongst the fish and alligators at the bottom of the Chumbul. He was very much astonished when I told him that such a glass had never fallen under my cognizance or observation. On the occasion of one of their visits, the missionary, the pundit, and Cheragh Ally, fell into a very earnest theological argument, when the former, who knew far more of the respective religions of his opponents than they did themselves, and who was, moreover, it was clear, a practised polemic and dialectician, contrived to "bother them entirely;" the pundit he soon beat to a dead stand-still, leaving him

* Meaning "wolves in sheep's clothing."

nothing more to say for himself than "*kea burree bhat!*" ("what profound words!") and the like; whilst poor Cheragh Ally had his "lamp" of intelligence quite put out. I remember on this occasion, and whilst the two were sitting in our tent, that the tiffin or luncheon was brought in, upon which we begged the padre to draw to the table and take some wine. As he complied with the invitation, and raised the glass to his lips, both pundit and Cheragh Ally stared in astonishment, and incredulity was depicted on their countenances. At last, the latter, who had somewhat recovered from his defeat, and thought this, probably, a good opportunity for renewing the contest, put up his hands, in the usual Eastern manner, and begged to be allowed to ask a question. "Ask away," said the missionary. "Well, then," said he, "is it really usual for holy men and priests in your country to drink wine?" "Yes," replied the missionary, with great readiness, "it is; my religion tells me that it is not that which goeth in at the mouth which defileth a man, but that which cometh out of it." Anything sententiously and strongly expressed, and above all a quotation, generally paralyzes an Asiatic; so Cheragh Ally, after this, drew in his horns, and left the padre in possession of the field.

THE FLOOD.—Having transferred our treasure to the relieving party, and taken leave of the padre—whom I never heard of more, but who, I sincerely trust, carried himself and the residue of his "croceries" in safety to Guzerat—we returned once more through the Boondee pass, and, retracing our steps across Rajpootana, rejoined the Tullubmojoods. Eventually we became united to Brigadier Knox's force, consisting of several regiments, with cavalry, pioneers and artillery; and, if my memory does not deceive me, the junction took place at a town called Soaph. From thence we marched to the large fortified town of Lawa, and whilst encamped below it, a singular mishap befell us, the like of which, I will venture to affirm, has seldom happened to an army before.

The "rains" had set in, and it had been pouring heavily all the morning, when, towards evening, the bund or embankment of a small lake, which adjoined the wall of the town, burst, owing to the increased pressure of the waters, augmented by the rains, carrying away a projecting bastion, and very nearly the tent of the superintending surgeon, which, with those of the brigadier and staff, were pitched on the embankment; it poured down into the camp, which occupied a far lower level, completely inundating the whole space. The officers of my corps had just finished dinner, and were chatting over their wine and hookhas in the mess-tent, when the invading waters began to make their forcible entry. I believe that none of us were aware, till some time afterwards, of the real cause, and rather attributed it immediately to the torrents which were falling outside. It began, however, to mount fast up the legs of the chairs, and after some uncomfortable attempts to double up on them, a general move was made to the mess-table, on the top of which, like a merry fraternity of tailors, we all sat cross-legged, smoking our pipes in this novel divan, and on the whole enjoying the excitement resulting from the event, and the row and hubbub outside amongst soldiers and camp-followers flying, *saute qui peut*, with kit and bundle, from the "general deluge." Amidst the confusion, and whilst occupying my place on

the table, I well remember my sirdar-bearer wading in with a most rueful aspect, and dripping like the apotheosis of a river-god, to inform me that, in spite of all his efforts and those of the rest of my establishment, he feared it would be impossible to save my valuables from a soaking, and that nothing short of some happy suggestion of master's, the result of personal inspection, would be likely to avert the impending crisis. Alarmed at this intimation, I immediately slid off what had every right to be considered a "hospitable board," and, hip-deep in water, waded outside of the tent-door, from whence, to my own tent, was some sixty or eighty yards. What a strange sight here opened upon my view! Can I ever forget it! The encampment of a small army actually standing in the middle of a brown and turbid lake, the rain pouring down, and the waters eddying along like the wintry overflow of an English river, charged with drift-wood, grass, and here and there a rat, or some suddenly dislodged reptile, swimming, as Paddy says in his "drame," for "the bare life of him." Having looked around on this dismal and dispiriting scene, and thought of Noah and the ark, I then, though there was certainly no absolute necessity for it, (but for the good English reason of being able to say with truth that I had done such a thing,) swam from the mess-tent to my own; on arriving there, I found things pretty much as my valet had described them—dogs shivering and looking the pictures of woe, and servants (more accustomed to basting than dripping) in an equally miserable plight; the latter had placed my camel-trunks on the top of my camp-table, and my cot above them again, finishing the whole off with a hat-box, *guthree* (bundle,) chillumchee, gun-case, &c. But I had scarcely entered, ere the body of water reached to the edge of the table, upon which that article rose buoyant from its legs, tilted over the whole superstructure, and in ten minutes I was enjoying the full benefit of the "cold-water system," so that I had not a dry article in my possession. Our doctor—a very tall man, from the north of the Tweed, and possessed of all the foresight requisite to meet such emergencies—boasted of the only dry spot in our vicinity; his tent occupied somewhat higher ground, and on observing that the waters were rising, he immediately set his hospital establishment—bearers, bildars, &c.—to work with pickaxe and shovel, and in a short time threw up an embankment round his tent as high, nearly, as the top of the *kanauts*, or walls. He was a kind-hearted and obliging man, and seemed to have much pleasure in giving us all shelter for the night. Higgledy-piggledy was of course the order of things, and in so close a pack it was difficult to tell whom the heads, legs and arms respectively belonged to; however, wrapped up in our blankets, which, in spite of saturation, retained their warmth, we reposed pretty comfortably till morning, by which time the water had in a great measure drained off and subsided. A large quantity of ammunition was destroyed by the inundation, and for several days, during which we remained to repair damages, the whole camp looked like shipping on a gala day—such a fluttering of streamers was there; such a universal drying of sheets, shirts and clothing of every description, both native and European. As for my camel-trunks, which I had trailed after me, like the fleet of Blefuscu, to the doctor's tent, they exhibited, on being opened, a painful amalgam of pulpy books, linen stained by

the dye of my red coats, with a few dark touches and shadings from my boots, and so forth. However, a few days' sun put matters to right, and, like time to grief, brought healing on its wings.

THE ROHILLAS.—The Patans, or Rohillas, are the Normans of the East—bold and daring men, who with their swords, have cut out goodly possessions for themselves in various parts of Hindostan and the Dekkan. We had for some time with us in General Donkin's camp a fine specimen of the race—the vakeel, or ambassador, of Ameer Khan. His name was Khan Sahib, (at least, so he was usually called,) and a finer sample of the native soldier I never beheld. He was at least six feet two or three, stout in proportion, and of a noble carriage and bearing, with an open and ingenuous expression of countenance. He bore the marks of wounds received in action against us, particularly in the celebrated fight of Afzulghur, in which the 8th dragoons particularly distinguished themselves. Though he had fought against them, he was nevertheless a special favorite with the officers of that regiment, and a frequent guest at their mess. At a review of the above regiment at Kooshalghur, Khan Sahib accompanied the general and his staff, and I shall never forget his appearance, which was quite that of a knight of old, or such a one as the lion-hearted Richard, as he is often represented. He was mounted on a powerful black horse, armed and barbed; himself in chain mail, with steel gauntlets and breast and back pieces, and a steel morrion (and I think a plume) on his head. Thus, proud and erect, he rode beside the general and his staff, cocked-hatted and aguilleted, both respectively the representatives of war in its present and far remoter state. After the 8th dragoons had gone through several manœuvres, they made their final charge, and as they came thundering down, trumpets sounding and sabres flashing through clouds of dust, (a truly splendid sight, it must be confessed,) Khan Sahib could no longer repress his admiration, but, turning towards the general, and pointing to a range of hills in the background, he exclaimed, in true Eastern hyperbolic style, "General Sahib, yonder mountains could not withstand that charge!"

Some marches more brought us to the ancient and celebrated city of Ajmeer, where our ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, just two centuries before, had his interview with the Emperor Jahangire, the son of the great Akbar. Little did the good knight then imagine that, in the fulness of time, his countrymen would again appear as rulers where he had become a suppliant for favors. It was my lot to be on the rear-guard the day we arrived before Ajmeer, and my *douraus*, or guides, having taken me by a short cut through the hills, I reached the ground before any part of the force had made their appearance; for this, though by no means to blame for it, I was honored with a "wig"—the Anglo-Indian term (the origin of which I could never discover) for a "reprimand." In India, there is a scale of these things, rising through several gradations, from a simple and unadorned "wig," or moderate censure, up to a "h—ll of a wig," which, as may be supposed, is a very serious affair indeed, and seldom fulminated by any functionary much below the degree of an adjutant-general or commander-in-chief. I have had a "bit of a wig" in my time, but never attained to anything higher. The first appearance

of this old city, as it suddenly broke upon me, was exceedingly interesting and picturesque. Contributing to produce this effect were its white buildings, partially embosomed in trees; the durgah of Kajah Moin ud Deen; its long embattled wall; its background of broken and rugged hills, and the lofty table-land on its right, crowned by the far-stretching walls and bastions of Tarra Ghur, or the "Fort of Stars,"* frowning defiance on the valley below, the generally sterile character of which was relieved by an occasional tomb, tank, garden, or mango tope. The place was in possession of Bapoojee Scindeah,† a relation and dependent of the Gwalior chief, from whom he had received instructions to give it up to us. As is usual, however, with Asiatics on such occasions, to save their "hoormut," or honor, he demurred; the brigadier, consequently, who was remarkable for his decision, gave immediate orders for storming the town. The ladders were in readiness, and all prepared for "hammer-and-tongs" work. Paddy put an extra edge on his sabre, Major Growler indited his last will and testament, and I, having nothing to leave, penned a valedictory letter home, to be ready in case of accidents, when Bapoojee, it was discovered, had saved us all unnecessary trouble on that head, by withdrawing his troops from the town to the fort, and we therefore took peaceable possession of the former. The same night—and a dreadful one I remember it was—parties were thrown out on the hills, while an occasional shot, and the rain and the thunder, broke the stillness of the hour.

The following day, or a day or two after, a spot was selected on the side of a hill, flanking a narrow, steep, and stony valley, which led up to the principal gateway, for the erection of a battery; and to reach this, it was necessary to pass completely through the town. This battery duly constructed, the guns and mortars and howitzers were carried to it on the backs of elephants up ascents in some places but a few removes from the perpendicular. I particularly remember being behind a line of these ponderous brutes, as with the guns or their carriages, they were mounting a path so steep that I half-expected every moment that a sudden shifting of the gravitating line would bring some of them down backwards upon me; so strong was this apprehension or idea, that I could not resist the inclination to get out of their wake. Strange to say, this apparently clumsy beast, by pulling himself up with his trunk, doubling his legs under him and sliding down descents, and some power he has of throwing his weight judiciously where he chooses, combined with a wonderful sensibility of foot and quick perception of danger, can traverse with safety places inaccessible to any animal save a goat or a monkey. Our battery was at last completed, and being crowded with soldiers, red jackets and blue, exhibited a lively contrast to the brown, rugged, and precipitous crags amongst which it was situated. Far off, and high above us, rose the fort of Tarra Ghur, with its long extent of walls and bastions, on which I doubt if our small battery could have produced any sort of impression of the least importance; however, it served as a "demonstration"—a proof that we were determined to "show our teeth," and an earnest of good things to come.

* Tarra, or Silarra—"Starry;" almost the same word.

† Father of the late Gwalior chief.

cause a great Spanish *tecliciguata* (goddess) had stood at their head, who had filled the Mexicans with fear, and animated the teules by her speeches. Motecusuma was convinced that this illustrious warrior was the Virgin Mary, who, we had told him, with her heavenly Son, whom she held in her arms, was our strong rock. This wonderful apparition I did not behold with mine own eyes, as I was at the time in Mexico. However, several of the conquistadores spoke of it as a fact; and may it please God that it was so. It is, however, certainly true that the blessing of the Virgin Mary was always upon us."

The character of Cortes, as we have said, stands out in strong, clear lights, in the page of this old chronicler; and we get a wonderful insight—far more distinct than is usually obtained of the hearts of conquerors—into its component qualities and motive springs. The conquest of Mexico, divested of rhetorical coloring, and narrated bit by bit, in simple terms, instead of losing by the process, seems even a more wonderful thing for that simplicity. The march of a body of only four or five hundred men, who set out at first with the mere view of enriching themselves by discovery, not as conquerors, through six thousand miles of a country hostile and unknown, swarming with a population all whose prejudices they came to attack—the penetrating, in spite of myriads of opponents, into the very metropolis of the land, full of life, and abounding in wealth—the seizure of its powerful monarch in his own palace, and imprisonment in his own vast and strong capital, where his friends were as ten thousand to one, amount to little less than a miracle. That these conquerors carried fire-arms, and rode horses, which the Mexicans had never seen, is not enough to give anything like an account of the immense disproportion between the agency and the end. They were more effectually helped by a tradition long entertained amongst the Mexicans, that a people should come "from the rising of the sun" to conquer those countries:—

"He (Motecusuma) told me," says Cortes, in his despatches to his sovereign, "We have long known, from the historical books of our forefathers, that neither I, nor the inhabitants of this country, originally belonged to it, but that our forefathers came from distant countries. We also know that the tribe we belong to was brought hither by a monarch to whom it was subject; but this king returned to his own country, nor did he return to visit his people till several years had elapsed, after they had married the daughters of the land, and got large families by them. The monarch came with a view of leading them back to their old country again; however, they not only refused to accompany them, but would no longer acknowledge him as their king. We have always firmly believed that descendants of this monarch would one time or other make their appearance among us, and obtain the dominion of the country. As you, according to your assurances, came from the rising of the sun, we doubt not, after what you have told us of your great monarch, who sent you here, that he is our rightful sovereign; and we

have the more reason to believe this, since you tell us that he had some previous knowledge of us."

But there is something of miracle in everything connected with this matter. The sudden and extraordinary aptitude which Cortes, who had given no previous proof of talent, showed for command—his extraordinary fertility of resource, enlarging with the occasion, and ruling all minds and circumstances to his will—observation the most acute, and invention the most skilful—and still more his extraordinary fortune itself,—all things were combining to advance him to what the world calls greatness, while many things seemed holding him back. Appointed to the command of the expedition of discovery which Velasquez sent out from Cuba, when the crusade for gold had begun, amid much rivalry and violent opposition, he had scarcely sailed, ere that governor sent after to recall him. Messenger after messenger followed to bring him back, and stayed to join his party; ships were despatched with his supersedeas—and induced to swell his armament. His fortunes prospered on the very means taken to thwart them—destructive accidents grew into the nourishment of his greatness—his schemes enlarged by the conversion of all the obstacles which rose up to oppose them—and he who left Cuba little better than a buccaneer, rode into Mexico one of the conquerors of the world! Here is the *great* side of Bernal Diaz's medal—and its reverse is as clearly made out. He stole the fleet of his patron, and set up with it for himself—slaughtered, without reckoning the cost of human life, wherever money could be made of it,—descended to every practical meanness for the same base object—withheld from his own soldiers their share of the spoil, and pilfered from them, besides, whenever he could—burglariously broke into the place of Montezuma's treasure, while he was his honored guest—seized his person and dragged him to imprisonment when loaded with his favors, and in the very moment of taking further gifts, including one of his daughters, at his hands—subjected him to every species of insult and extortion, on pretences utterly vile—forced him to stand between his own danger and the infuriated populace of the city, when they rose in re-action and for the monarch's rescue, where the unhappy prince met his death at the hands of his unconscious subjects—deceived all who trusted him—and, finally, having stolen the gold of his men, stole their laurels, too,—left his friends and fellow-conquistadores in the lurch,—went home to Spain—and became Marquis del valle Oaxaca.

Of the person and habits of the generous prince who perished before this remarkable expedition,—and whom our author calls, always, Motecusuma—we will give that writer's description:—

"The mighty Motecusuma may have been about this time in the fortieth year of his age. He was tall of stature, of slender make, and rather thin, but the symmetry of his body was

beautiful. His complexion was not very brown, merely approaching to that of the inhabitants in general. The hair of his head was not very long, excepting where it hung thickly down over his ears, which were quite hidden by it. His black beard, though thin, looked handsome. His countenance was rather of an elongated form, but cheerful; and his fine eyes had the expression of love or severity, at the proper moments. He was particularly clean in his person, and took a bath every evening. Besides a number of concubines, who were all daughters of persons of rank and quality, he had two lawful wives of royal extraction, whom, however, he visited secretly without any one daring to observe it, save his most confidential servants. He was perfectly innocent of any unnatural crimes. The dress he had on one day was not worn again until four days had elapsed. In the halls adjoining his own private apartments there was always a guard of 2,000 men of quality, in waiting: with whom, however, he never held any conversation unless to give them orders or to receive some intelligence from them. Whenever for this purpose they entered his apartment, they had first to take off their rich costumes and put on meaner garments, though these were always neat and clean; and were only allowed to enter into his presence barefooted, with eyes cast down. No person durst look at him full in the face, and during the three prostrations which they were obliged to make before they could approach him, they pronounced these words: 'Lord! my Lord! sublime Lord!' Everything that was communicated to him was to be said in few words, the eyes of the speaker being constantly cast down, and on leaving the monarch's presence he walked backwards out of the room. I also remarked that even princes and other great personages who came to Mexico respecting lawsuits, or on other business from the interior of the country, always took off their shoes and changed their whole dress for one of a meaner appearance when they entered his palace. Neither were they allowed to enter the palace straightway, but had to show themselves for a considerable time outside the doors; as it would have been considered want of respect to the monarch if this had been omitted. Above 300 kinds of dishes were served up for Motecusuma's dinner from his kitchen, underneath which were placed pans of porcelain filled with fire, to keep them warm. Three hundred dishes of various kinds were served up for him alone, and above 1,000 for the persons in waiting. He sometimes, but very seldom, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, ordered the dinner himself, and desired that the best dishes and various kinds of birds should be called over to him. We are told that the flesh of young children, as a very dainty bit, was also set before him sometimes by way of a relish. Whether there was any truth in this we could not possibly discover; on account of the great variety of dishes, consisting of fowls, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, quails, tame and wild geese, venison, musk swine, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and of numerous other birds and beasts; besides which there were various other kinds of provisions; indeed, it would have been no easy task to call them all over by name. This I know, however, for certain, that after Cortes had reproached him for the human sacrifices and the eating of human flesh, he issued orders that no dishes of that nature should again be brought to his table. I will, however, drop this subject, and

rather relate how the monarch was waited on while he sat at dinner. If the weather was cold, a large fire was made with a kind of charcoal made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but threw out a delicious perfume; and that his majesty might not feel any inconvenience from too great a heat, a screen was placed between his person and the fire, made of gold, and adorned with all manner of figures of their gods. The chair on which he sat was rather low, but supplied with soft cushions, and was beautifully carved; the table was very little higher than this, but perfectly corresponded with his seat. It was covered with white cloths, and one of a larger size. Four very neat and pretty young women held before the monarch a species of round pitcher, called by them Xicales, filled with water to wash his hands in. The water was caught in other vessels, and then the young women presented him with towels to dry his hands. Two other women brought him maize-bread baked with eggs. Before, however, Motecusuma began his dinner, a kind of wooden screen, strongly gilt, was placed before him, that no one might see him while eating, and the young women stood at a distance. Next four elderly men, of high rank, were admitted to his table; whom he addressed from time to time, or put some questions to them. Sometimes he would offer them a plate of some of his viands, which was considered a mark of great favor. These gray-headed old men, who were so highly honored, were, as we subsequently learnt, his nearest relations, most trustworthy counsellors and chief justices. Whenever he ordered any viuals to be presented to them, they ate it standing, in the deepest veneration, though without daring to look at him full in the face. The dishes in which the dinner was served up were of variegated and black porcelain, made at Cholulla. While the monarch was at table, his courtiers, and those who were in waiting in the halls adjoining, had to maintain strict silence. After the hot dishes had been removed, every kind of fruit which the country produced was set on the table; of which, however, Motecusuma ate very little. Every now and then was handed to him a golden pitcher filled with a kind of liquor made from the cacao, which is of a very exciting nature. Though we did not pay any particular attention to the circumstance at the time, yet I saw about fifty large pitchers filled with the same liquor brought in all frothy. This beverage was also presented to the monarch by women, but all with the profoundest veneration. * * Motecusuma had also two arsenals filled with arms of every description, of which many were ornamented with gold and precious stones. These arms consisted of shields of different sizes, sabres, and a species of broadsword, which is wielded with both hands, the edge furnished with flint stones, so extremely sharp that they cut much better than our Spanish swords: further, lances of greater length than ours, with pikes at their end, full one fathom in length, likewise furnished with several sharp flint stones. The pikes are so very sharp and hard that they will pierce the strongest shield, and cut like a razor; so that the Mexicans even shave themselves with these stones. Then there were excellent bows and arrows, pikes with single and double points, and the proper thongs to throw them with; slings with round stones purposely made for them; also a species of large shield, so ingeniously constructed that it could be rolled up when not wanted; they are only

unrolled on the field of battle, and completely cover the whole body from the head to the feet. Further, we saw here a great variety of cuirasses made of quilted cotton, which were outwardly adorned with soft feathers of different colors, and looked like uniforms; morions and hamlets constructed of wood and bones, likewise adorned with feathers. There were always artificers at work, who continually augmented this store of arms: and the arsenals were under the care of particular personages, who also superintended the works. Motecusuma had likewise a variety of aviaries, and it is indeed with difficulty that I constrain myself from going into too minute a detail respecting these. * * I will now, however, turn to another subject, and rather acquaint my readers with the skilful arts practised among the Mexicans: among which I shall first mention the sculptors, and the gold and silversmiths, who were clever in working and smelting gold, and would have astonished the most celebrated of our Spanish goldsmiths: the number of these was very great, and the most skilful lived at a place called Ezeapuzalco, about four miles from Mexico. After these came the very skilful masters in cutting and polishing precious stones and the calchihuis, which resemble the emerald. Then follow the great masters in painting, and decorators in feathers, and the wonderful sculptors. Even at this day there are living in Mexico three Indian artists, named Marcos de Aguino, Juan de la Cruz, and El Crespello, who have severally reached to such great proficiency in the art of painting and sculpture, that they may be compared to an Apelles, or our contemporaries Michael Angelo and Berruguete. The women were particularly skilful in weaving and embroidery, and they manufactured quantities of the finest stuffs, interwoven with feathers. The commoner stuffs, for daily use, came from some townships in the province of Costatlan, which lay on the north coast, not far from Vera Cruz, where we first landed with Cortes."

Our readers will remember, that we quoted from Mr. Prescott's volumes, the description of the splendid city of Mexico when Cortes and his band of heroes first beheld it, as given by the leader, himself. Surrounding the lake, amid whose waters arose the sovereign city, were then a series of large towns, all of which have long since perished. "The spot where Iztapalapan stood," says Bernal Diaz, "is, at present, all dry land; and where vessels once sailed up and down, harvests are gathered." The scene of that earlier day he thus describes:—

"The next morning we reached the broad high road of Iztapalapan, whence we for the first time beheld the numbers of towns and villages built in the lake, and the still greater number of large townships on the mainland, with the level causeway which ran in a straight line into Mexico. Our astonishment was indeed raised to the highest pitch, and we could not help remarking to each other, that all these buildings resembled the fairy castles we read of in *Amadis de Gaul*; so high, majestic, and splendid did the temples, towers, and houses of the town, all built of massive stone and lime, rise up out of the midst of the lake. Indeed, many of our men believed what they saw was a mere dream. And the reader must not feel

surprised at the manner in which I have expressed myself, for it is impossible to speak coolly of things which we had never seen nor heard of, nor even could have dreamt of, beforehand."

The first meeting of the Mexican monarch, amid this scene of splendors, is worth quoting, in the words of Bernal Diaz:—

"When we had arrived at a spot where another narrow causeway led towards Cojohuacan we were met by a number of caziques and distinguished personages, all attired in their most splendid garments. They had been despatched by Motecusuma to meet us and bid us welcome in his name; and in token of peace they touched the ground with their hands and kissed it. Here we halted for a few minutes, while the princes of Tetzucó, Iztapalapan, Tlacupa, and Cojohuacan hastened in advance to meet Motecusuma, who was slowly approaching us, surrounded by other grandees of the kingdom, seated in a sedan of uncommon splendor. When we had arrived at a place not far from the town, where several small towers rose together, the monarch raised himself in his sedan, and the chief caziques supported him under the arms, and held over his head a canopy of exceedingly great value, decorated with green feathers, gold, silver, calchihuis stones, and pearls, which hung down from a species of bordering, altogether curious to look at. * * Motecusuma himself, according to his custom, was sumptuously attired, had on a species of half-boot, richly set with jewels, and whose soles were made of solid gold. The four grandees who supported him were also richly attired, which they must have put on somewhere on the road, in order to wait upon Motecusuma; they were not so sumptuously dressed when they first came out to meet us. Besides these distinguished caziques, there were many other grandees around the monarch, some of whom held the canopy over his head, while others again occupied the road before them, and spread cotton cloths on the ground that his feet might not touch the bare earth. Not one of his suit ever looked at him full in the face; every one in his presence stood with eyes downcast, and it was only his four nephews and cousins who supported him that durst look up. * * * When it was announced to Cortes that Motecusuma himself was approaching, he alighted from his horse and advanced to meet him. Many compliments were now passed on both sides. Motecusuma bid Cortes welcome, who, through Marina, said, in return, he hoped his majesty was in good health. If I still remember rightly, Cortes, who had Marina next to him, wished to concede the place of honor to the monarch, who, however, would not accept of it, but conceded it to Cortes, who now brought forth a necklace of precious stones, of the most beautiful colors and shapes, strung upon gold wire, and perfumed with musk, which he hung about the neck of Motecusuma. Our commander was then going to embrace him, but the grandees by whom he was surrounded held back his arms, as they considered it improper. Our general then desired Marina to tell the monarch how exceedingly he congratulated himself upon his good fortune of having seen such a powerful monarch face to face, and of the honor he had done us by coming out to meet us himself. To all this Motecusuma answered in very appropriate terms, and ordered his two nephews, the princes of Tetzucó and Cojohuacan, to conduct us

to our quarters. He himself returned to the city, accompanied by his two other relatives, the princes of Cuilahuac and Tlacupa, with the other grantees of his numerous suit. As they passed by, we perceived how all those who composed his majesty's retinue held their heads bent forward, no one daring to lift up his eyes in his presence; and altogether what deep veneration was paid him. *

* * The road before us now became less crowded, and yet who would have been able to count the vast numbers of men, women, and children who filled the streets, crowded the balconies, and the canoes in the canals, merely to gaze upon us? Indeed, at the moment I am writing this, everything comes as lively to my eyes as if it had happened yesterday; and I daily become more sensible of the great mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he lent us sufficient strength and courage to enter this city: for my own person, I have particular reason to be thankful that he spared my life in so many perils, as the reader will sufficiently see in the course of this history: indeed, I cannot sufficiently praise him that I have been allowed to live thus long to narrate these adventures, although they may not turn out so perfect as I myself could wish."

It is a painful story that records the humiliations heaped upon the splendid and generous Montezuma, by a band of Christian men, coming among these western idolaters, in the name of religion and civilization. From such physicians of souls, no doctrines, which they brought, had a chance of being taken naturally—they needed the inoculation of the sword. The external pronouncements were too base and vile, to recommend the faith with which they claimed connexion. In what light must these stately barbarians have looked upon men who, to their apprehension, had attributes which presented them, at first, as a sort of demigods, yet used them all as means to the one despicable end of a perpetual alms-seeking? From the Christian camp, there was a continual cry of "give!" and faith, and honor, and charity, and humanity, and all that Christianity sanctions, were prostrated before the monstrous Juggernaut who uttered it. To this idol were daily offered sacrifices as unhallowed as stained the altars of the Mexican gods. To the reader of to-day, these conquistadores loom through the twilight of Bernal Diaz's page, in the sordid and sinister aspect of eternal searchers after hidden treasure, disgustingly compounded with the profligate one of thieves. So wretched is the figure they make in Mexico, that nothing but the exceeding peril of their position could give it dignity. The epic of the character consists in its constant affronting of danger; and in the capital of Montezuma, in particular, they were like men living over a mine. A mere handful themselves, they were surrounded by a countless population, whom, by murder and robbery, and what these deemed sacrilege, and by insult of every species, they were goading into madness. We hear, as we read, the murmur of myriads coming up against them,—but cannot bid them "God speed!" We see, in the clear nar-

ration of the pleasant old chronicler, the small cloud rising on the light of their first welcome, and gathering and swelling into the tempest, and when, at length, it bursts over their devoted heads, all feeling of caste,—which should enlist our sympathies with a European band, bearing the cross—is swept away before the justice of the case; and our indignant sense declares that, in this act of the drama, moral justice has, for once, been done.

The death of Montezuma fired the mine; and the Spaniards fled before the wrath which it was scattering around them. But their flight lay through the waters of a lake; where narrow causeways linked the city to the mainland, but intersected, themselves, at intervals, by channels, which made bridges necessary to complete the line of communication. All these bridges the Mexicans had broken down, to make escape impossible; and the horrors enacted at one of them, gives to it the title, in Bernal Diaz's narrative, of "the Bridge of Sorrows,"—as the night on which they befell, is known, in Mexican history, as "the night of sorrows:"—

"All matters being now properly ordered, and the mode of our retreat settled, we began to move forward. It was about the hour of midnight, and rather dark; a thin mist hung over the town, and a gentle rain was falling. The moment we began to move forward in the abovementioned order, the rear-guard being already in motion, and our movable bridge fixed, and Sandoval, with his body of horse, and Cortes, with those under his command, and many other soldiers, had passed across, the wild war music and loud yells of the Mexicans suddenly burst forth. 'Up, up, Tlatelulco!' they cried; 'out with your canoes! The teules are running away: cut off their retreat over the bridges!' And before we had time to look about us, we were attacked by vast bodies of the enemy, and the whole lake was instantly covered with canoes, so that we were unable to move on any further, although many of our men had already passed the movable bridge. Now the most obstinate conflict ensued for the possession of this, and, as misfortunes never come singly, it happened that two of our horses should slide out on the wet planks, become unmanageable, and roll over into the lake. This caused the bridge itself to overbalance and fall down. A number of Mexicans that instant fell furiously on us, and, though we exerted ourselves to the utmost, and cut down numbers of the enemy, we were unable to recover the bridge. As, however, those behind kept continually pushing on those in front, the opening in the canal was speedily filled up with dead horses and their riders, who were inevitably lost if they were unable to swim. The unmerciful enemy now attacked us on all sides. A number of Tlascallans and our Indian female servants were carried off, with the baggage and cannon; numbers of our men were drowned, and no less a number, who were trying to save themselves by swimming, were taken prisoners by those in the canoes. It was heart-rending to behold this scene of misery, and to hear the moans and pitiful cries for assistance. 'Help! help! I am drowning,' cried one here: 'Help me, they are killing me!' cried another there. Here one called upon the name of the Virgin Mary for assistance;

and there another upon Santiago de Compostella! Here another, who had managed to get to the water's edge, implored us to lift him out: yonder again, was another clambering over the dead bodies. Many, when they had reached the high road, imagined themselves safe, but here they only met with denser crowds of the foe. * * Exposed on every side to the enemy's arrows and lances, pelted with stones from the housetops, they had also to encounter a forest of our own swords, which the enemy had captured and fixed to their long lances, so that it was a wonder each time a horse with its rider escaped. Neither could we defend ourselves in the water, as the wet had rendered our muskets and crossbows totally useless, while the darkness of the night made every movement uncertain. All our attempts to keep together were fruitless. What did it avail us if, at times, thirty or forty of us managed to make a stand, and boldly faced about! * * When Cortes came up with Alvarado and his few followers, and learnt the fate of those left behind, tears flowed from his eyes; for Alvarado and Leon had had above twenty horse and more than one hundred foot with them in the rear-guard. All these, with nearly the whole of the cavalry, and above one hundred and fifty other men of the old and new troops, had perished with Leon. Alvarado related, that after he and his men had all lost their horses, he managed to get together about eighty men, and with these he succeeded in passing over the first opening by clambering over the baggage, dead men and horses. Although I am not sure whether he said that he passed the opening by stepping over the dead bodies, I know that at this bridge more than two hundred men, with Leon at their head, were cut to pieces by the enemy, notwithstanding all their courageous fighting. At the second bridge again, it was merely through God's mercy that Alvarado had saved himself, as all the canals and streets were crowded by the enemy.

One especial moral of this episode must not be omitted:—"Most of Narvaez's men met with their death at the bridges, *from the weight of the gold with which they had overburdened themselves.* The Tlascallans, who had charge of the *crown treasures*, shared a similar fate."—"Indeed, if it be well considered," says old Bernal Diaz, "it will be found that none of us derived any blessings from the gold the Indians gave us."

But the peril was not ended with the passage of the lake. The country had been raised behind it; and that had yet to be done, which, this time, it is the chronicler's opinion, could not have been effected without the personal aid of a saint. There is no suspicion, on this occasion, of a mistake of identity between St. James of Compostella and "Francisco de Moria, on his brown horse:"—

"The next morning early we continued our route, and marched in closer order than on the day previous, the half of our cavalry being always in advance. We had marched to the distance of about four miles along an open plain, where we considered ourselves in safety, when three of our horse came galloping up to inform us that the fields were covered with Mexicans, who were lying in wait for us. We were not a little dismayed at this intelligence; however, our courage

did not flag so far as to prevent us from making immediate preparations for battle, and we determined to defend ourselves to the last. We halted for a few moments, and Cortes gave instructions for the cavalry to dash in a body full gallop upon the enemy, to aim at the face and break their line. Our infantry were to direct their blows and thrusts at the enemy's lower quarters. In this way it was said we should be certain to revenge our dead and wounded, if it pleased the Almighty to spare our lives in the approaching battle. We then commended ourselves to God and the holy Virgin, and boldly rushed forth upon the enemy, under the cry of *Santiago! Santiago!* Our cavalry charged the enemy's line five abreast, and broke it, we rushing in after them close at their heels. What a terrific battle and remarkable victory was this! How we fought man to man! and those dogs like the very furies themselves! and many of our men did they kill and wound with their pikes and huge broad swords. * * In this way we continued fighting courageously, for God and the blessed Virgin strengthened us, and St. Santiago de Compostella certainly came to our assistance; and one of Quauhtemoctzin's chief officers, who was present at the battle, beheld him with his own eyes, as he afterwards affirmed. * * * * After the Mexican chief had fallen and the royal standard was lost, and numbers of the enemy killed, they began to give way, and then fled. Our cavalry, however, kept close at their heels, and punished them severely. Now, indeed, we no longer felt our wounds, nor hunger, nor thirst, and it appeared to us all as if we were beginning the attack with renewed vigor! Our friends of Tlascalla had likewise changed into real lions, and hacked in furiously among the enemy with the broad swords they had captured. After our cavalry had returned from the pursuit, we offered up thanks unto the Almighty for this victory, and our escape from the hands of so numerous an enemy; for the Spaniards had never before in India encountered so vast an army as on this occasion. It was composed of the flower of the joint armies of Mexico, Tezeuco, and of Xaltocan; while every Indian had entered the battle with the determination that not a soul of us should escape alive. It was also evident, from the richness of their arms and apparel, that a greater portion were officers and men of distinction. Near to the place where this terrible and bloody battle was fought lay the township of Otumpan, by which name this battle will be known through all times to come. The Mexicans and Tlascallans have given a faithful representation of it in their numerous paintings of the battles we fought, up to the conquest of Mexico."

The star of Cortes was, still, in the ascendant. From Tlascalla, where the flying armament was, at length, brought up, the tide of war rolled back to the lake of cities; and, this time, included thirteen brigantines, which Cortes had built for its waters, to support the battles of the causeways. As Cortes, himself, went with the brigantines, his general, Sandoval, who led back the land forces, stopped at the various townships on his route, to inquire after the prisoners and treasures that had been seized in the flight; and, finding that the former had been *eaten*, usually offered to overlook that circumstance, on condition that all the *money*

found in the pockets of the victims should be returned to him. Cortes, himself, sent to inform the Mexican monarch that, if he would admit the Spaniards peacefully into his capital, they would "forgive all the injuries they had received at the hands of the Mexicans!"—and he had the confidence to add that, "it was an easy matter to make war, but it always terminated in the destruction of those who first began it!" These are choice morsels in the history of a hero, and show the quality of some of the materials, with which that, which the world has agreed to call "a great thing," was built up. The unfortunate Montezuma had been succeeded by his nephew, Quauhtemotzin, as Bernal Diaz spells his name—and the experience, which his uncle had paid life and treasure to buy, determined the heir of that experience to keep the Spaniards from re-entering Mexico, at whatever further cost. All the resources of the empire were called out to resist them; and of *ninety-three days'* fighting, nearly without intermission, by night and by day, amid the lake and on the causeways that protected Mexico, the entire incidents are here related in a manner which, though the relation be a continual repetition of the same incredible labors and dangers, never grows monotonous in the page of the lively chronicler. Never was perseverance in a bad cause more gallantly maintained. Again and again was the purchase of the day's blood and wounds resigned, as the night fell, by the return of the weary soldiers across the causeways which had been so hardly carried; yet the spirit of the siege never drooped, amid its almost hopeless toil. "If all our wounded," says Bernal Diaz, "each day we renewed the attack, had remained behind in our camp, none of the companies could ever have sallied out with more than twenty men at a time." Torquemada says picturesquely, in allusion to the smallness of the conquistadores' band amid their multitudinous foes,—that "the Spaniards stood like a small island, in the midst of the ocean, against which the rolling billows beat on every side." To the ordinary horrors of such a warfare, too, were added others peculiar to the scene:—

"As we were thus retreating," says the chronicler, "we continually heard the large drum beating from the summit of the chief temple of the city. Its tone was mournful indeed, and sounded like the very instrument of Satan. This drum was so vast in its dimensions that it could be heard from eight to twelve miles distance. Every time we heard its doleful sound, the Mexicans, as we subsequently learnt, offered to their idols the bleeding hearts of our unfortunate countrymen. But we had not nearly accomplished our retreat; for the enemy attacked us from the house-tops, from out of their canoes, and from the mainland, at the same time, while fresh troops were constantly pouring in. At this moment Quauhtemotzin commanded the large horn to be sounded, which was always a signal to his troops that he allowed them no choice but death or victory. With this at the same time

was mingled the melancholy sound of the drum from the temple top, which filled the Mexicans with terrific fury, and they ran headlong against our swords. It was really a horrible sight, which I am unable to describe, though even at this moment it comes vividly to my mind. * * * We could plainly see the platform, with the chapel in which those cursed idols stood; how the Mexicans had adorned the heads of the Spaniards with feathers, and compelled their victims to dance round their god, Huitzilopochtli; we saw how they stretched them out at full length on a large stone, ript open their breasts with flint knives, tore out the palpitating heart, and offered it to their idols."

But enough of these horrors, the depressing effect of which on the spirits of the most indomitable, is well described in the admissions of this candid soldier. Another curious effect of this ninety-three days' residence in Pandemonium is also mentioned by Bernal Diaz, at the close of the siege:—

"Subsequent to Quauhtemotzin's capture, we soldiers had become so very deaf, that we could scarcely hear anything, and we felt a similar sensation to what a person experiences when standing in a belfry and all the bells are ringing at once, and then cease all of a sudden. The reader will certainly not think this an ill-timed comparison if he only considers how our ears were constantly assailed during the ninety-three days which the siege of Mexico lasted, both night and day, with all manner of noises. In one quarter rose the deafening yells, piping, and war-whoop of the enemy; here some were calling out to the canoes to attack the brigantines, the bridges, and the causeways; there the Mexicans drove their troops together with loud yells, to cut through the dykes, deepen the openings, drive in palisades, throw up entrenchments, while others cried out for more lances and arrows; in another place, the Mexicans shouted to the women to bring more stones for the slings; between all which, was heard the dismal din of the hellish music of drums, shell trumpets, and particularly the horrible and mournful sound of the huge drum of Huitzilopochtli; and this infernal instrument, whose melancholy tones pierced to the very soul, never ceased a moment. Day and night did all this din and noise continue, without intermission; no one could hear what another said; and so my comparison of the belfry is the most suitable I can imagine."

Among other arms which the Mexicans employed against their Christian foes, they did not neglect the tongue,—and this weapon they seem to have wielded much after the European fashion. One of their exercises of this description is worth recording, for the sake of our chronicler's reflection upon it:—

"In the midst of their fierce attacks, they constantly cried out, 'you are a set of low-minded scoundrels, you are fit for nothing, and you neither know how to build a house nor how to cultivate maize. You are a pack of worthless fellows, and only come to plunder our town. You have fled away from your own country and deserted your own king; but before eight days are past there will not be one of you left alive. Oh! you miserable beings, you are so bad and beastly that even your very flesh is not eatable. It tastes as bitter as

gall!" It is most probable that after they had feasted off the bodies of several of our companions, the Almighty, in his mercy, had turned the flesh bitter."

In the progress of the siege, Cortes himself nearly perished. But step after step, in spite of foes innumerable, the progress of the little band of conquerors was made good amid the waters,—the openings in the causeways were filled up behind them, as they advanced—house after house was destroyed in front, to narrow the defences of the foe—inch by inch, the city of Montezuma was once more won. The words in which the unhappy Quauhtemotzin addressed the conqueror, when led captive into his presence, have a natural dignity, which lifts him far above the crafty Spaniard, and well sustains the grandeur of Montezuma when first, for his curse, he looked on Cortes:—"I have done what I was bound to do, in the defence of my metropolis, and of my subjects. My resources have now become entirely exhausted. I have succumbed to superior power, and stand a prisoner before you. Now draw the dagger which hangs at your belt, and plunge it into my bosom." Of the human misery which the siege had wrought, we have some significant hints, in Bernal Diaz's quaint, picturesque way:—

"I must now say something of the dead bodies and skulls which we saw in that quarter of the town where Quauhtemotzin had retreated. It is a real fact, and I can take my oath on it, that the houses and the canals were completely filled with them, a sight which I am unable to describe; and we were scarcely able to move along the streets, and through the courtyards of the Tlateluco, on account of the number of dead bodies. I have certainly read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but should not like to decide whether the carnage was equally great there as it was here; but this I know, that most of the troops, as well of the town itself as those from the townships and provinces which stood under the dominion of Mexico, were most of them slain; that bodies lay strewed everywhere, and the stench was intolerable; which was the reason why, after the capture of Quauhtemotzin, the three divisions drew off to their former stations. Cortes himself became indisposed that day, from the horrible stench."

And speaking of strangers, who afterwards visited the great city, in her sudden desolation, from the provinces, the chronicler says—"Each of these ambassadors brought with them valuable presents, in gold; and many had their young sons with them—to whom they pointed out the ruins of Mexico, just as we should show our children the spot where Troy once stood." The unhappy Quauhtemotzin, Bernal Diaz says,—“was between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, and could in truth be termed a handsome man, both as regards his countenance and his figure. His face was rather of an elongated form, with a cheerful look; his eye had great expression, both when he assumed an air of majesty or when he looked pleasantly around him; the color of his

face inclined more to white than to the copper-brown tint of the Indians in general. His wife was a niece of his uncle Motecusuma; she was a young and very beautiful woman."

This unfortunate prince tasted, even more largely than his uncle, the bitterness of such tender mercies as are drawn from conquerors of Cortes' stamp. Tortured, in his capital, along with his cousin, the king of Tlapuca, to extort from them confessions as to gold which the unsated conquerors supposed them to have concealed,—he was afterwards dragged through the provinces, in the train of Cortes, when that hero went to seek for more,—and there, finally, executed, together with the same friend, on suspicion of conspiring against the conqueror. It is instructive to compare their calm and noble bearing, under misfortunes that most try the spirits of men, with the mean and jealous movements of the conquerors, amid the pride of conquest. "Oh, Malinche!" (the name given by the natives, throughout New Spain, to Cortes,) "I have, for a long time perceived, from your false words, that you have destined me for such a death, because I did not lay violent hands on myself when you entered my city of Mexico! Why are you thus going to put me, unjustly, to death! God will, one time, ask this of you!" "The King of Tlapuca," remarks the chronicler, "said he could only rejoice in a death which he would be permitted to suffer with his monarch Quauhtemotzin."—

"The death of these two monarchs grieved me excessively, for I had known them in all their glory, and on our march they honored me with their friendship, and showed me many little attentions; for instance, they would often order their servants to go in quest of fodder for my horse; besides which, they were innocent of the guilt imputed to them, and it was the opinion of all who accompanied this expedition, that they were put to death unjustly."

The remainder of Bernal Diaz's narrative brings out some of the most useful morals of the tale. Cortes employed himself in rebuilding the city of Mexico, on a scale of great magnificence,—and in pushing his conquests and founding new settlements throughout the great continent. Wonderful things were achieved in this way. Nothing stopped these enterprising adventurers. The gaunt figure of famine often waved them back, in vain. Bridges were thrown over rivers and arms of the sea, on the line of march. "The bridges," says the chronicler, "which we threw across the numerous rivers we passed on our march, had been so strongly put together, that several of them were still to be seen for many years after; and subsequently, when all these provinces were subjected to the Spanish crown, our countrymen regarded them in astonishment, and exclaimed, 'These are the bridges of Cortes!' in the same way as people say, 'These are the columns of

Hercules ! ” But he began to taste the fruits of the principles he had planted, and relished them with a very bad grace. Friends, commissioned by him to make discoveries, set up for themselves with his forces, as he had done with the original expedition of Diego Velasquez. When Cortes learned that Christobal de Oli “ had determined to act independent of him, *he became very pensive.* ” It is possible that, at that moment, he felt that the “ poisoned chalice ” of treachery was returned to his own lip not unsuitably. Having made bitter enemies, too, among his own people by his robberies from them, and neglect of their interests while he built up his own, he found charges gathering around him, at home, which the latter years of his life were spent in combating, and with indifferent success. Those whom, on the other hand, he had favored most, took advantage of his reverses to rear their own fortunes on the fragments of his, and gave him a further insight into the sourness of selfishness and the bitterness of ingratitude. Returning suddenly, too, on one occasion, from an expedition in which he was supposed to have perished, he found that assumed fact to be the cause of great satisfaction to his friends, and had a small foretaste, besides, of the quality of his posthumous fame. One story current among the people was, he found, a report that a certain Spaniard, “ passing over the Tlateluco, near the church of Santiago, where the great temple of Huitzilopochtli once stood, had seen the souls of Cortes, Dōna Marina and Sandoval, burning in livid flames, in a court-yard, near this church. ” The latter days of Cortes were filled with trouble and vexation :—and “ when we reflect, ” says Bernal Diaz, “ that none of his undertakings were attended with success, after the conquest of New Spain, we cannot at least be surprised that people should say, he was pursued by the curses that were heaped upon him. ”

“ Thanks be to God and the Blessed Virgin, ” says the pious chronicler, in conclusion, “ who saved me from being sacrificed to the idols, and from so many perils, and thereby rendered it possible for me to write this history ! ”—and we are thankful for it, too. The honest annalist has told all—and told it well ; and his narrative is made picturesque by many a figure, which gives it life and reality, as in examples already quoted, and many an allusion and self-reference which makes it touching. “ Alas ! ” says Bernal Diaz, “ now even, while I am writing this, the figure and powerful build of Christobal de Oli comes fresh to my memory, and my heart feels sore with grief. ” The amusing vanity of the old soldier, too, being never offensive, and based upon a long series of gallant services and sufferings, gives great piquancy to his gossip ; and there is something genial about the man, which confers a pleasant flavor on all he says. Though wounded, both in his feelings and interests, by the neglect of Cortes, and eager to claim his share of that fame

as a conquistador, which the latter sought to monopolize, he will let no man depreciate his chief. He loves to exhibit the conqueror as always foremost in action and readiest in resource. Through life, he never failed his illustrious leader ; and, in this memoir, he becomes his apologist and panegyrist—though not an uncompromising one. “ May the Almighty pardon his sins, ” he concludes, after a long summing up in his favor, “ and mine also ; and may he, also, grant me a happy death, for this is of more importance than all our conquests and victories over the Indians ! ”

Our summing up will be different from that of Bernal Diaz, because the figures that go to the account have another value in our day. If it were permitted us to praise evil, for the good it had done, then might the conqueror of Mexico be allowed to take his place among the truly great. It is impossible to read of the wholesale human sacrifices, and other abominations practised in New Spain, when Cortes found it, without feeling that, by whatever door it came in, the introduction of the improved civilization of the European world was a final gain and blessing. But the actor is not to be measured by this act—apart from his motives and his means. All are not great men who have done great things. It has been the long habit of history, while a poet or partisan, to deal much in hero-worship,—and history, become a philosopher, has much to rectify. It will have something to take from the fame of Cortes ; and will find the testimony of Bernal Diaz useful for the purpose—far beyond what the chronicler intended.

AFFECTION OF BIRDS.—A day or two since a sparrow was caught in a trap set to catch vermin, in a gentleman's garden. A few minutes afterwards another sparrow was seen trying with all its might, by means of its bill, to drag the captured bird from its confinement, and was so intent upon its object, that only on its being touched by the hand did it fly away.

THE NEWSVENDORS' ANNUAL DINNER.—The annual dinner of persons employed by the dealers in newspapers was held on Wednesday at the Highbury Barn Tavern. At one o'clock about 200 boys dined, and were regaled with a substantial dinner. At about four o'clock 300 persons sat down to dinner. The total number of persons who dined at the tavern was 529. The dinner had been ordered for a much smaller number, and some little delay occurred in affording the requisite supplies ; but, under all the circumstances, the worthy proprietor catered in the best possible manner for his guests.

THE POLISH BALL.—The clear profits of the late ball for the benefit of the Polish refugees, after paying all expenses, exceeded 1000*l.* Last year the ball at Willis', for the same purpose, produced about 600*l.* only.

CHINESE RANSOM.—On Wednesday morning her Majesty's brig Childers, Captain Wellesley, arrived in Portsmouth harbor from Hong Kong. She has brought 1,000,000 dollars of Sycee silver, being another portion of the Chinese ransom.

From the Asiatic Journal.

INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.

A GERMAN newspaper, the *Gazette of Cologne*, contains the following communication from Trieste :—

Our last letters from China announce, that the English are seriously occupied with a plan for opening the ports of Japan to their commerce. Up to the present moment, only the Dutch and Chinese had a limited authority to enter the port of Nangasaki, and the Dutch are even less favored than the Chinese. British commerce is carried on only through the medium of Chinese traders. Some Englishmen have lately disguised themselves as Chinese, and travelled with the others—an attempt which, if discovered, would cost them their lives. The English government have made several efforts to induce the Emperor of Japan to grant British merchants permission to carry on a direct trade, and Capt. Belcher has received orders to proceed, with a sufficient force, and make an hydrographic survey of the coasts of the empire of Japan. It is possible that a conflict may take place between the English and the Japanese. It is a vital question for England.

How much of this announcement may be true, and how much conjectural, it is not of much consequence to inquire. No person who pays any attention to the ordinary and natural course of events, and who is but slightly imbued with a knowledge of the commercial history of England, can doubt that the opening of an intercourse between this country and Japan must be one of the consequences of our having established, by force, a footing upon the shores of China. The mighty empire last named, into which, by the access to five ports in its chief maritime provinces, we have secured avenues for our trade, is extensive enough to satisfy the utmost demands of our merchants; but Japan, though much smaller, is inhabited by a people, perhaps, more advanced in arts and civilization than the Chinese, and in a fitter state to form advantageous commercial relations with us, if they are disposed to do so. It will be, therefore, impossible to prevent mercantile enterprise, in conjunction with legitimate curiosity and a desire for knowledge, from seeking an intercourse with Japan; and it is important to devise beforehand the best means of regulating such attempts, in order that they may be accompanied with as little evil as possible.

Few are ignorant that the Japanese government is more averse to intercourse with other nations than that of China; that the Chinese themselves have only a limited permission of resort to Japan, and that the Dutch, whose admission to the port of Nangasaki is allowed under very peculiar circumstances, are rigidly confined to that port, where they are treated as if they were in a lazaretto. The resources of the islands, and the ingenuity of the people, supply the wants which even a certain degree of refinement has created amongst them, and as they are yet ignorant of

those doctrines of political economy and of free-trade, which have made our own laboring population so happy and contented, the Japanese seem to prefer living as one separate family to being admitted into the great society of mankind.

The antipathy of the Japanese authorities to intercourse with foreigners, and especially with Christians, is not founded upon the same principle as that of the Chinese government, namely, institutions and the law of custom,—though custom is a greater tyrant in Japan than in China,—but it results from experience of its danger. The political convulsion produced by the Portuguese, by their introduction of Christianity into the islands, was the cause of the jealous prohibitory code, which is scarcely two centuries old. Its strength, however, has been tested by many unsuccessful efforts made by various nations to procure even an abatement of its rigor. The Americans astutely availed themselves of the war between this country and Holland, at the close of the last century, to endeavor to introduce their vessels as carriers for the Dutch; but the design was discovered and defeated. In later years, the Russians have made repeated attempts, employing force as well as diplomacy, but they have equally failed. Later still, the English, commencing their intercourse as successors of the Dutch at Java, (then a British dependency,) and therefore the virtual proprietors of the factory at Nangasaki, made the utmost exertions to establish a trade with Japan, but in vain. Even a recent visit, in 1837, by the American ship *Morrison*, conveying some Japanese sailors who had been shipwrecked on the coast of China, afforded only further evidence of the inflexible determination of the Japanese government not to modify their laws of exclusion in favor of foreigners humanely bringing home subjects of Japan who had been cast by the elements upon their hospitality. In the accounts of this visit which have been published by Dr. Parker and Mr. Williams, the former condemns the conduct of the Japanese in the severest terms, declaring that they are "obnoxious to the law of nations," which Europeans and Americans are so fond of quoting for their own purposes, and that "the good of mankind may imperiously demand the interference of civilized nations." Mr. Williams, however, palliates, if not justifies, the Japanese by referring to the conduct of whalers, which frequent the eastern coasts of Nipon and Yedo, and to the probability of their having been mistaken for some of those "marauders."

The hostile feeling of the Japanese towards the English nation has been aggravated by some incautious proceedings on our part. In the year 1808, H. M. S. *Phaeton*, Captain Pellew, whilst cruising against the Dutch traders to Japan, entered the bay of Nangasaki. As the ship had Dutch colors flying, the Dutch officials proceeded towards her, and were seized, forced on board, and detained as prisoners. The governor of the

province, who was responsible for the safety of the members of the Dutch factory, was highly exasperated, and his anger suffered no diminution when the *Phaeton* made her way, unpiloted, into the harbor, and the people exclaimed that she was bearing down upon Dezima. Meanwhile, a note was received from one of the captives, stating that the vessel was English, and that she wanted wood and water. The governor had despatched orders for collecting a force to capture the audacious foreigners, and he supplied the vessel with small quantities of wood and water, in hopes of detaining her. The troops at the stations, it appeared, were not on the alert, and before they had assembled in sufficient force, the *Phaeton* sailed out of the harbor, as she had sailed in, unpiloted, having previously liberated the Dutchmen. The result of this occurrence was such as (according to Dr. Siebold) to excite a fierce hatred of England in the minds of the Japanese. The governor of Nangasaki, conscious that he had, unintentionally, disobeyed orders in allowing the intrusive vessel to escape, and feeling that he had been negligent in not knowing the state of his coast-guard posts, immediately assembled his family and household, and in their presence ripped himself up. The commanders of the posts followed his example, and the prince of Fizen, the viceroy of the province, though then compulsorily resident at Yedo, was punished with imprisonment (because the officers he had left in charge had misconducted themselves,) and was compelled to pay to the family of the late governor of Nangasaki a pension of £2,650. This anecdote will illustrate the severity with which the non-intercourse system is enforced. The story is still current in Japan, with exaggerations (native or Dutch) of the proceedings of Capt. Pellew, who is reported to have demanded a supply of bullocks, and to have threatened to hang his Dutch prisoners in case of refusal.

It is evident, therefore, that attempts to establish an intercourse between the British and the Japanese, though they are inevitable, will encounter serious obstacles, and it may be well to consider whether, instead of leaving the matter to chance, it be not desirable for the government (in diplomatic language) to undertake the initiative, and endeavor, by negotiation at least, to make the Japanese government aware of the precise nature of the object sought, and to warn them of the attempts that will be made to visit their shores, and the parties who will make them. The Japanese are reported to be a kind-hearted, courteous, and hospitable people; their present attitude of hostility and defiance may proceed from causes of which we have no present knowledge. Very high-wrought descriptions have been published of their rudeness, violence, and inhospitality towards vessels visiting their coasts; but we have no means of knowing whether this behavior be not a retaliation of the buccaneering conduct of whalers

and free traders, who, speaking the language of England, may be confounded with the countrymen of Capt. Pellew.

There was an especial reason why the Japanese should have been cautious in communicating with the *Morrison*. We learn from a report made by Mr. Gutzlaff,* who was on board, that the empire, which had enjoyed political tranquillity for two centuries, was then suffering under the horrors of a civil war. In August, 1836, a dreadful tempest, which lasted with unabated fury for ten days, had destroyed the greater part of the crops; a famine was the consequence, which rose to such a height that the rabble at Osaha, the principal emporium, rose upon the corn-merchants, and plundered or destroyed the magazines. The government, in order to quell the insurrection, attacked the starving people, who, driven by hunger to desperation, resisted, and the whole city, second only to Yedo, became a prey to the flames. In the capital itself, the inhabitants had risen against the imperial troops, and the city was at that very time a scene of confusion and bloodshed. The vassals ceased to send grain to Yedo; the prospects of the existing harvest were discouraging, and the interior of the empire was in fact in a state of almost disorganization. The visitors were not acquainted with these facts till after they had left the island, and it is curious to observe the construction which Mr. Gutzlaff puts upon a proceeding which may have had its rise in prudent precaution, to prevent the addition of further calamities to those which afflicted the empire. He observes:—

Conscious of having given no cause for provocation, we were the more astonished at the unprecedented act of aggression upon defenceless foreigners. In all expeditions on record, some officer had visited the foreign ship and supplied her provisions; but, here, notwithstanding our earnest entreaties, no understanding took place. We suppose this, therefore, to be a new law, according to which barbarians are to be treated. If such, however, be the case, the exclusive system of this government is at its climax—where it ought to receive a check. They will neither care whether a ship is in distress, or whether there are some wrecked seamen in a boat, but endeavor to take away their lives, if this can be effected. As many of our whalers cruise about this coast for several months of the year, this must occasionally happen, and it is very mournful to think, that men who hasten to those shores, in order to save their lives, should expose themselves to the danger of being killed by their fellow-men. If they could treat us so barbarously when they had ocular proof that we had divested ourselves of the means of injuring them, and came with friendly intentions, how will they treat suspected foreigners? Whatever may be the politics of this reclusive country, its rulers must be constrained to pay regard to the law of nations, and not to treat all the remainder of mankind as enemies.

To sum up the total of our experience in—regard

* Correspondence relating to China, presented to Parliament, 1846; p. 223.

to this country, we ought to give full credit to the frankness and friendliness of the natives; they are people who would oblige foreigners to any extent. The Japanese coasting commerce is very extensive; the resources of this country are very large, and the inhabitants fully as industrious as the Chinese. The government is the only check to improvement, and the insurmountable bar to foreign intercourse.

If the spirit and sentiments exhibited in this demi-official document influence the individuals who will, with the facilities afforded by our recent successes in China, endeavor to force an intercourse with Japan, the consequences may be easily foreseen. The stain fixed upon our war with China will never be removed, be the beneficial results to both nations in future ever so great; let us, therefore, be most vigilant in preventing similar acts of injustice in Japan.

The course which matters will take, if left without the interposition of the government, is this. A vessel, belonging to some English traders, manned with a determined crew, will proceed to a port in Japan, and request civilly permission to trade. This will be refused. The request will be reiterated, probably with a studied avoidance, at first, of any offensiveness of language or demeanor. Importunity will provoke the authorities to require that the vessel shall leave the coast, and the cloth batteries will be prepared to enforce obedience to the mandate. A shot, fired with more precision than usual, may strike the English ship, and kill or wound an English sailor. The law of nations—a law which the Japanese never heard of, and are no parties to—will then be invoked, and, under its convenient construction, the crews land and ravage the country. Loud clamor arises against the treacherous Japanese; an appeal is made to a queen's cruiser, the commander of which, a man of coolness and judgment, strives to mediate and reconcile the parties; but the Japanese will not "listen to reason;" they fire at her Majesty's ship, and her commander, seeing his flag insulted, has no alternative, and takes part in the hostilities. Representations are made to her Majesty's government, and the ministers advise the queen to issue a declaration of war against Japan, and, after much slaughter, and the "ripping up" of all the governors and chief officers at the scene of hostilities, the war is terminated by the cession of some convenient ports, and, in fact, the subjection of the little empire.

When such an event has happened, many honest men endeavor to make the best of it, and although wishing it had not occurred, smother their feelings, and try to persuade themselves that the Japanese were in the wrong, "according to the law of nations," or, at all events, that we were not "much" to blame. They console themselves with thinking that good may spring from evil, and that Christianity as well as commerce, missionaries as well as merchants, may thereby gain an inlet into the empire. But this is a mode of attaining

the end which we hope every good man would avoid if he could, and it is only by looking forward, and calculating the probable current of events, that it can be avoided. We are advocates for the diffusion of knowledge, which ought to make men wiser; for the extension of commerce, the end of which is to make men happier; and for the spread of our religion, which must make men better: but we are far from desiring that the march of either should be over the slaughtered natives of the country into which they are introduced, ignorant and perverse though they may seem to be; that the mild reign of Christianity should be harbingered, as it too often has been, by war and bloodshed. This must, however, be the consequence of leaving individuals to act upon their own impulses, when the governing impulse is *self-interest*.

The measure we suggest,—the only measure that can anticipate and counteract the calamities we foresee,—is an embassy or mission to Japan, preceded by some preliminary intercourse with its government, through the medium of the Chinese, whose feelings are at present well inclined towards us, and who would not be likely to entertain any jealousy of our communication with a nation which is not, and never was, a tributary of China. The obstacles in the way of such a mission are far less serious than have been experienced in our Chinese embassies. The exclusive policy of Japan is the fruit, as we have before said, not of any maxims of government, or of social rules, but of the experience she has had of the political evils introduced by foreigners, and especially those belonging to Christian nations. Her antipathy is more reasonable than that of the Chinese, who cut short all argument upon the subject by "such is our law," *ita lex scripta est*. The antipathy, therefore, being more reasonable, is more easily assailable by reason, whilst force and coercion would tend to convince them of its justness rather than of its absurdity. The Japanese government cherishes none of that contempt for the mercantile character, which has been at the bottom of all our misunderstandings with the Chinese. The court of Yedo is so little averse to the presence of European merchants at the capital, that it requires the Dutch to pay a visit of ceremony thither every year. In short, there seems nothing to prevent the success of a mission properly managed, if the Japanese can be made thoroughly to understand that we have no design upon their religion or upon their government; that we desire commerce, and not conquest.

The measure suggested is of importance in another view. The victory we have gained over the prejudices of the Chinese has inspired other nations, who, whilst the British were engaged in a hazardous, uncertain and expensive contest, stood calmly looking on, to avail themselves of its moral effect in pushing their commerce and relations in the China seas, and it is understood that some diplomatic experiment is in preparation by a Christian state, with a view of obtaining a

participation with the Dutch in the trade with Japan. It would, perhaps, be politic to wait the result of this experiment, that is, to imitate the safe course which other nations have pursued in relation to the Chinese war; but it is beneath the dignity of England to follow in the wake of any other power, and it is to be recollected that the English labor under an ill-opinion on the part of the Japanese, which, if not removed, will place us in a very disadvantageous position in any negotiations with their government in which another power should take the lead. So much is known of the manners of the Japanese, and of the diplomatic forms and proceedings of their court, from the papers published in this Journal, in 1839 and 1840, that there could be no difficulty in managing such a mission. Good Japanese linguists may now be found amongst the Europeans in China, and we are informed that the English language is not unknown in Japan.

From the London Age and Argus.

POLITICS OF CANADA—DANGER OF THE CRISIS.

The inability of Sir Charles Metcalfe to form a Council in Canada, after a period of eight months' unceasing exertions to accomplish that object, and this difficulty experienced by a governor admitted by all parties as one of the most just, generous, distinguished, and talented men to be found in the British dominions, is a sad and fearful commentary on the mischievous character of the union of the Canadian provinces; and affords a melancholy foreboding of their violent disruption and severance from the British crown, unless Sir Charles is firmly sustained by the British government, and succeeds in restraining the virulence, malignity, and mischief produced by the rashness of Lord Durham, the corruptions of Lord Sydenham, and the imbecility of Sir Charles Bagot.

The increasing machinations of the American Republicans in Upper Canada, and the unfortunate contest between the races in Lower Canada, had for years interposed an obstacle to the advancement of those provinces, and were continually interrupting their repose.

The mischievous activity of the malcontents in the Upper province was still farther provoked by a treasonable letter sent by Mr. Hume, then member for Middlesex, in 1834, to the man Mackenzie, who was the leading rebel in 1837, declaring that the crisis had arrived in Canada, when the baneful domination of the mother country should be thrown off, and that the Canadians should ever keep in view the great struggle of the Americans in 1770, and its successful issue.

This incipient treason was still further incited and fostered by the opinions of Mr. Stephen, of the Colonial Office, who declared in his evidence before the House of Commons, that the Canadians could not be expected much longer to remain under the reproach of being the only portion of the Western Hemisphere dependent on a foreign power. With such potent ingredients in the poisonous alembic then in operation, it was not wonderful that in the absence of every British soldier from Upper Canada, an attempted violent overthrow of British dominion took place, particularly as it was in concert with a national movement in Lower Canada, and with a huge and desperate

band of brigands in the neighboring Republic of the United States.

When Hume's letter was first circulated in Canada, it is difficult to determine which was the most prevailing feeling, indignation or astonishment. So daring and so outrageous, however, was it considered, that every mail from England was looked for with great anxiety, in the fond expectation that such a daring promulgation of treason in a distant part of our empire, from the member of the metropolitan county, would have been followed by his committal to the Tower of London and subsequent public trial.

It is true that it was reprehended—by Mr. Spring Rice, then colonial minister; but as it was unpunished, the colonists began to fear that these sentiments were not as distasteful as they should have been.

An admirable governor was soon after sent to Upper Canada, Sir Francis Head—a kind, but most inefficient one to Lower Canada, the Earl of Gosford. Sir Francis soon discovered that different instructions were given to them, and that an union of the provinces was then under the consideration of the crown.

In his usual bold and manly style, he thus deprecates that measure:—"Toronto, Oct. 28, 1836. The remedy which I fear will be assiduously recommended by the British population of Lower Canada is, that the two provinces should be united, and placed under the government of some individual, in whose coolness, decision, and ability they can rely. My humble opinion of this project is, that it would produce the effect of separating both the Canadas from the parent state, on the homely principle that if tainted and fresh meat be attached together, both are corrupted. So long as Upper Canada remains by itself, I feel confident that by more moderate government her 'majority men' will find that prudence and principle unite to keep them on the same side; but if once we were to amalgamate this province with Lower Canada, we should instantly infuse into the House of General Assembly a powerful French party, whose implacable opposition would be a dead, or rather living, weight, always seeking to attach itself to any question whatever that could attract and decoy the 'majority men.' If the imperial Parliament will now deal with Lower Canada with firmness and decision there is nothing whatever to fear—if it vacillates, all is gone."

Such were the memorable words of Sir Francis Head in 1836, the year prior to the horrid and unnatural rebellion. The rebellion broke out, and was repressed, and Lord Durham was sent out to recommend the union of the provinces. He came like an Eastern satrap, bursting with vanity, inflated with pride, intoxicated with power, alternately playing the bashaw and the Jacobin, alarming and disappointing by turn all who had hoped that his mission was to have been one of justice, firmness, and peace.

The Wakefields, Turtons, and Bullers, were lords in the ascendant, and like all who are cankered by envy, and who hate the excellence they cannot reach, they commenced their baneful and unprincipled career by reviling and stigmatizing the oldest and most incorruptible families in the colony as a compact. None but the limping loafers *par nobile fratrum* found favor in Buller's eyes, or were admitted into a participation of Wakefield's intrigues.

The result was a more violent hatred of the

French, a general alienation of the loyal British in Upper Canada, and an undissembled gloating and exultation of all the republican leaven to be found in both the provinces.

John Durham abandoned his post on the very eve of a second rebellion, of which he acknowledged he had been duly apprized. Of Lord Durham's detestable report, the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, when in England in 1839, thus addressed the colonial minister:—"As an inhabitant of Upper Canada, I did not hesitate to state officially to her Majesty's secretary of state, immediately upon its appearance, that I was ready, in any place and at any time, to show that it was utterly unsafe to be relied upon as the foundation of parliamentary proceedings. I knew then, and I know now, that the means of refuting the most important statements and conclusions contained in it must exist in the office of the colonial department, and could not require even a reference to the colony." The union of the provinces was decided upon, Sir John Colborne recalled, Sir George Arthur superseded, and Mr. Poulett Thompson appointed governor-general to carry that measure, *per fas et nefas*. The advocate of the ballot and of the removal of the protection from Canadian timber, was the most objectionable person who could have been selected for the hateful task; and it was in the general hatred that his political principles had produced in Canada he found one of the main ingredients of his success. He commenced his career with an open warfare with all the oldest and worthiest families in the Upper province, and eventually carried the measure of the Union over the Canadas. He met his first Parliament, convoked under the Union, and after elections carried by open and unblushing force, he succeeded in carrying through the first session, became the object of universal dislike by the French, and expired just as the parliament was about to be prorogued. At his death, the French population were even more exasperated than previous to the rebellion.

Of all men selected to cure the evils bequeathed to Canada by Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot was the very last to have been chosen, and least able to accomplish it. With a kindness only to be surpassed by his indecision, he was incapable of discovering the machinations and intrigues by which he was surrounded; and he wanted the necessary firmness to crush and control them after they became apparent.

The herculean task of remedying these evils, and rectifying these disasters, is now left to Sir Charles Metcalfe, in whom is to be found every combination suitable for the task. Incorruptible integrity, and unimpeachable veracity, indomitable firmness, and sound judgment; in fine, honor, probity, justice, benevolence, and every excellence that reflects credit on a man, and can ensure success to a governor. If he fails to remedy these disasters and rectify these mistakes, then indeed CANADA WILL BE LOST AND GIVEN AWAY.

THE DUKE DE BORDEAUX.—The *Augsburgh Gazette* states, from Gori'z, that the DUKE DE BORDEAUX has notified to the courts of Europe his determination to retain the title of Count de Chambord. This is said to be for the purpose of avoiding the alternative of accepting or refusing the title of King of France, which his party has given to him since the death of the Duke d'Angoulême.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—June 14.—The following communication was read:—

"Some remarks on the telescopic appearance of the moon, accompanying a model and a drawing of a portion of her surface," by J. Nasmyth, Esq. The model and drawing submitted, represent a portion of the moon's surface of 190 by 160 miles, situated in the upper part of her left limb, as seen in an inverting telescope. The author selected the portion above mentioned as a subject for a model by reason of its comprising in a small space most of the chief features which so remarkably distinguish her surface. The model was constructed with a view of illustrating the close relationship which appears to exist between the structure of the lunar surface and that of a considerable portion of the earth, in regard to the similarity in the results of vast volcanic action. The author, in reference to the nature of the peculiarities of the surface of the moon, first remarks on the *vast size* of the lunar craters as compared with those on the surface of the earth. Of these there exist some of the enormous magnitude of 150 miles in diameter, besides other circular formations, such as the "Mare Serenitatis," and "Mare Crisium," which are from 200 to 300 miles in diameter, and which evidently owe their form to volcanic action of prodigious central energy. This enormous effect, compared with that of volcanic agency on the earth's surface, will appear less surprising when we consider that the mass of the moon is scarcely the seventieth part of that of the earth, and that consequently, the weight of the materials acted on by the volcanic force is diminished very considerably compared with bodies on the earth's surface: the probable want of atmospheric resistance will also assist in accounting for the immensely greater effects produced. The beautiful and almost perfectly circular form of the majority of the lunar craters may be due to the absence of wind or other disturbing causes, permitting the discharged materials to perform the course due to the impulse comparatively free from all impediment. Next to the circular form of the craters, the author considers that there is no feature more striking than the small cones or mounds which we observe in the centre of most of the craters. These he considers to be the result of the last expiring efforts of the volcanic action, as we find it to be the case in Vesuvius and other terrestrial volcanoes. Other cases exist in which there is no such central cone; but these may have resulted from the more sudden termination of the volcanic action which had permitted the fluid sooner to float across the bottom of the crater, and to form that plain, smooth surface which may be seen in a few cases. One has been, however, observed by the author in the upper part of the right limb of the moon, in which the lava had apparently kept flowing up so gently to the last as to leave the crater brimfull. The ruts or channels which may be distinctly observed in the sides or banks of the outside circular mounds, and which frequently extend to a considerable distance, prove that the matter discharged has not been entirely of a solid nature. Blocks of solid materials also appear to have been discharged with vast force and in a vast quantity. They may, in many cases, be observed lying about the bases of the larger craters, where the surface is rendered quite rough by the quantity of such detached fragments. The last peculiarity, ad-

verted to by the author, consists in the bright lines which generally converge to a centre, and in which we frequently find a crater of very considerable magnitude. The material of these bright lines is evidently of a much more reflective nature than the contiguous or general surface of the moon, and in most cases the interior of the crater to which they converge is equally resplendent. The author considers them to be derived from the same original cause which produced the central volcano, from which they appear to diverge.—*Athenæum*.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—June 18.—A paper was read by Mr. E. Solly on the solid vegetable oils. These oils were characterized by possessing stearine, the solid principle of all oils, in such quantity as to render them solid at the ordinary temperatures of the atmosphere. They were of the consistence of animal fats, and in many instances were used as substitutes for the fat of animals in the making of candles, and as substitutes for butter, as articles of diet. There was some difficulty in distinguishing these oils from wax; but the latter was produced in much less quantities. The various plants yielding solid oils were pointed out, with the modes of obtaining the oils, and the uses to which they were subservient in the various parts of the world. Few or no British plants yield solid oils. The plants yielding butter, tallow, and solid oils which were mentioned are as follows:—*Theobroma cacao*, chocolate nut-tree, yielding cacao butter; *Vateria Indica*, producing a solid semicrystalline fat, used for various purposes in India, where the tree is called tallow-tree; *Pentadesma butyracea*, the butter or tallow-tree of Sierra Leone. Several species of plants belonging to the natural order Lauraceæ, as *Laurus nobilis*, *Tetranthera sebifera* or *Litsea sebifera*, *Laurus cinnamomum*, &c., yield solid oils, in addition to their volatile fluid oils. The *Myristica moschata*, the common nutmeg, with the *M. sebifera*, both yield a solid oil, sometimes called nutmeg butter; *Bassia butyracea*, the Mahua or Madhuca-tree, gives out a kind of butter which is used in India. The butter-tree of Mungo Park, found in Africa, is the *Bassia Parkii* of some writers, though others have doubted if the butter-tree of Park is a *Bassia* at all. The butter is also called Shoa butter, and specimens were exhibited procured by Dr. Stanger during the late Niger expedition. Several palms yield solid oils; the principal of these are the *Cocos nucifera*, cocoa-nut-tree, and the *Eleis guineensis*; the former yields the cocoa-nut oil and butter; the latter, the palm-oil of commerce. All the fruits, however, of Palmaceæ are capable of yielding more or less solid oil, and many other species than those named yield the palm-oil of commerce.—A paper was read from Mr. Curtis, on the economy of the order Strepsiptera.—A third paper was read from Dr. Hemming, on the anatomy of the muscles which move the peacock's tail.—*Athenæum*.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—June 19.—A paper was read by E. J. Quekett, Esq., on an apparently new form of vegetable discharge from the human stomach, belonging to the class Algæ. The Society then adjourned until October.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—July 1.—M. Chevreul read a report on the various papers sent by M. Ebelmen, on the use of gas as an amelioration of the process of fusion in high furnaces.—MM. Ferret and Galinier presented a paper containing an account of barometrical and thermome-

trical observations made by them in their travels in Abyssinia, and also a geographical map of the country. M. Amici presented a polariscope, so contrived as to demonstrate all the known facts of polarization. This was accompanied by a paper defending the microscope of his invention against some attacks made upon it by M. Matthieson, of Altona.—A communication was received from Dr. Mayer, of Bonn, on the electrical apparatus of the torpedo. The object of this paper is to prove that the ramifications of this apparatus are more extensive in the system of the animal which is endowed with it than has hitherto been supposed.—A letter was received from M. Patterson, of Paris, on improvements in mechanical substitutes for the loss of limbs. A paper was read from M. Ducros, to show that the laws of the circulation of the blood are essentially electro-physical. According to this physician, the recoil of the sanguino-arterial globules, by transforming the functions of the arteries into venous functions, is the efficient cause of various diseases, such as chlorosis, typhus fever, &c. He proposes as a remedy the more frequent use of alkalis in inflammatory cases.—*Athenæum*.

From the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.

LA REVUE DES DEUX MONDES—RAILWAYS.

Paris, July 13, 1844.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, of the 1st instant, opens with an article on the Mahrattas of the West and their country, and their situation in regard to British rule, from the pen of Theodore Pavie, an orientalist and traveller, who has visited British India. His account of the Mahratta character is far from being favorable; the power of the race cannot be restored: Monsieur Pavie has introduced various and good descriptions of manners and scenery. He had acquired repute by translations from the Chinese, and he means to prepare a Mandchou dictionary. By the way, I have just purchased for Mr. Cushing a selection of works on the Mandchou language, which will facilitate his study of the Chinese. That gentleman has looked to every source for the means of increasing his fitness to be useful to his country. An oriental scholar, at least, will have been produced by his mission. If he has reached or should reach Peking, the French opposition will scold Mr. Guizot with double asperity for having instructed the French envoy to refrain from the attempt. The second article of La Revue is the second part of an essay on Greek poetry read and referred to in Greece. The traveller finds Homer still illustrated there; the popular songs and traditions relate to antiquity: striking affinities abound between ancient and modern Hellas, in customs, manners, texts, localities: the language, both spoken and written, is constantly approximated—more and more assimilated—to the old and pure tongue: this regeneration includes a recall of ideas and aspirations; it forms a new case in the history of nations. The Hellenists of this day know that they owe their liberty to their name; they wish to prove themselves in every respect legitimate de-

scendants of the people who furnished the finest models in heroism, literature, and the arts. We must all desire the fulfilment of the French enthusiast's hopes. The most important portion of the Review is of forty pages on the Moral and Political state of Brazil, by a French tourist who recently visited the interior of the empire. He has drawn a dismal picture—an ignorant, semi-barbarous population, disaffected and turbulent under a government scarcely more enlightened and upright; no efficient administration; no real union of the provinces; neither substantive navy, nor manufactures; nor finances except the customs; clergy licentious and without the least influence in any quarter; no solid organization of any kind; the inhabitants a mongrel breed—Portuguese, creoles of every hue, negroes, mulattoes, Indians: all the provinces aspire to independence; a Republic on the pattern of the American is the dream; the Brazilians, in their silly pride, deem themselves too civilized to need even a constitutional monarchy: they place their great men, the generals in particular, above the most renowned of the other hemisphere. At his levees the young emperor never speaks; he nods and motions, without intelligence in look or gesture; the traveller happened to be at Ouropreto on his Majesty's anniversary; this was celebrated by a military parade in the morning, and at night at the theatre by a dramatic pageant: the emperor's portrait was brought forward on the boards; loyal couplets were sung; all the functionaries, civil and military, knelt before the portrait, and most of them kissed the hands on the canvass! Three rounds of hurrahs closed the homage. There are some curious details of the domestic existence of the interior; the working of the mines; the search for superficial gold, and the treatment of the slaves. On the whole, the United States have not been exhibited by any of the foreign travellers in worse lights than Brazil is in these pages. We may suspect more or less of exaggeration and prejudice. The Review comprises a good disquisition by the academician St. Beuve on the new edition of Pascal's *Thoughts*, *Letters*, and *Fragments*, from the original manuscripts which were first disinterred and explored by Cousin, and have been deciphered with wonderful pains by Faugere. The next article might have been signed Philo-Joinville. It defends the tenets of the prince's pamphlet against the semi-official commentary of the *Journal of the Hague*. The Dutch critic believes it to be best that France should remain inferior to Great Britain at sea: if she became superior or equal, she would soon conquer or endeavor to conquer the whole continent, which is safe enough from British power, the proper check to French ambition. Philo-Joinville argues that France, though she should match or overcome England on the waters, could never again deem universal empire, or the dominion of the continent, possible: that England interferes most with continental independence and security;

extends her sway more formidably for the whole world; and, therefore, all the secondary powers should favor the rivalry, and be prepared to second the forces of France.

The number terminates with a sensible, laudatory exposition of Sir Robert Peel's modifications of the banking and currency systems. I am glad to see the attention of the American papers to this subject. It has been extended, I trust, to the proceedings of the House of Commons on the bill on the 27th and 28th ultimo and the 4th instant. On the first of those days, Sir Robert repeated that the main object of the bill was, "that the government, with the aid of the Bank of England, might have a salutary check and control over banks of issue;" besides, "one of its principles was to encourage free competition, although he put a restraint on issues." Colonel Torrens, in his reply to the Westminster Review, which treated the question shrewdly enough, observes:

"I continue to retain, after an attentive and patient consideration of all the objections urged by the able and scientific reviewer, the opinion which I formerly expressed, that the adoption of Sir Robert Peel's plan for the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England will be the most important improvement in our monetary system which has been effected since the passing of the act of 1819 for the resumption of cash payments."

In reply to a question from Sir W. James, relative to the probable supply of gold,—

"Sir R. Peel said he could not do better than consult 'McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary,' which contained all the information that had been received on the subject. The only definite information they had from consuls was from Russia, where it appeared there had, during the last year, been a great increase in the supply of gold. Mr. Murchison, also, had lately published a paper containing the result of his information as to the probabilities of a supply from Siberia, which his (Sir R. Peel's) honorable friend would find very interesting reading. [A laugh.]

"Mr. P. M. Stewart said that if Mr. Murchison were to be taken as an authority, his statements made at the geographical society on the previous Saturday were most important. Among other things, Mr. Murchison stated that, during the last year half a million of gold had been obtained from the Ural mountains; and that in Silesia (an extent of country greater than the area of France) the rocks were entirely auriferous."

RAILWAYS are so prominent in the public economy and general weal of Europe and America that a special interest is felt in the legislative discussions concerning them. Yesterday I was involved in the perusal, quite to the end, of the debate in the House of Commons on the ministerial railways bill, against which the British companies were exerting all their influence, within and without. The report of it occupies nearly ten columns—small type—of the Morning Chronicle. It comprises valuable statistics of the subject, and instructive views of the action and tendencies of the mo-

monopoly. Mr. Gladstone vindicated his bill in a speech as creditable to his powers, and illustrative of his peculiar capacity, as any he ever delivered.

The resolution and bill apply to companies that may be constituted. Mr. Gladstone stated his case, generally, in the following terms :

"If the bill gave the executive the power to purchase the railways, or any one railway, at its discretion, he would vote against it; but that would be foreclosing a question which the whole object of this bill was to open, and not to close. Government would have no absolute power of purchasing any line under this bill; the companies had power to make an agreement with the government which should bind them, but government had no right or power to make an agreement that should bind the state. Government could not take a step to buy any one railway existing, or to be in future constructed, without a resort to parliament. An opinion might be entertained that even that course was not desirable. But the proposition he meant to contend for was, that parliament ought to have that discretion—that, with respect to existing railways, parliament was precluded from the power; and that, with respect to future railways, it was the bounden duty of parliament to reserve to itself that power."

But Mr. Entwistle, and the great majority of the railroad proprietors, protested "against the government taking such power as might enable them, by future grant of parliament to take the field against private companies; the control that the public now have being sufficient for its protection." This assertion Mr. Gladstone utterly exploded by details of the management of the companies in their fares and conveyances and their combinations for the perpetuation of high profits. Mr. Colquhoun thought that "when the public had reaped the advantage of an outlay of eighty million pounds, and of two thousand miles of the cheapest and quickest communication in Europe, it was intolerable that the first interference of government should be with such a description of property." Mr. Gladstone answered :

"Foreign railways—those in Belgium, for example—were cheaper than ours. He did not say they were so good, but they were certainly cheaper—perhaps not much more than one-third of the price. It might be said that this was a richer country; but that seemed no reason why the public should pay for their railway communication more than was necessary. But the experiment of cheapening railway communication could never be made under the present system."

Sir Robert Peel observed that it was extremely difficult to achieve any measure for controlling so strong a monopoly as the railway interest; "the proprietors were going too far; he would advise them to husband their strength." Mr. Gladstone, in his main speech, noted that, in the House, he was addressing a majority of railway proprietors, whose parliamentary strength was evinced in the nature and manner of the resistance to the bill. He proceeded in this strain :

"The argument used by these companies for

conciliating the public on railway matters was this : 'Trust to competition; matters have gone on very well; there are many fine railways; you can travel a deal faster than you used to do; trust to competition to secure the interests of the public.' Now, for his part, he would rather give his confidence to a Gracchus, when speaking on the subject of sedition, than give his confidence to a railway director when speaking to the public of the effect of competition. [Laughter.] But there was a deeper power in the opposition, [hear, hear,] and, he might as well use plain language, [hear, hear,] that power was that of parliament agents and solicitors. [Cheers.] They were the great opponents of the bill. He need not tell the House the enormous expense which attended the passing of railway bills by means of parliamentary agents; thousands of pounds were paid, benefiting nobody but these persons, who were extremely well in their own way, but had no claim on the public. The lobbies were filled with persons interested in the passing of railway bills, soliciting members for votes. The proposition to cheapen and shorten proceedings in parliament upon railway bills had been one main cause of the opposition which had been got up by parties who well knew how to array and marshal everything that could render a measure objectionable and unpopular."

In refutation of the idea that new railway projects might suffer by the bill, Mr. Gladstone stated that since the 23d of April fifteen new companies had started, involving an expenditure of about twenty million pounds, and the shares of all the companies, new and old, had risen since it was known that the government would persevere in the bill: the power of interference could not be exercised unless the visible profits of railroads should reach ten per centum. Mr. Labouchere, one of the late whig cabinet, seconded the president of the Board of Trade, and explained why "he differed from those with whom he generally acted." He acknowledged that the directors of the railroads, who were for the most part the most intelligent mercantile men of the country, had conducted their business in an admirable manner, and rendered the greatest obligations to the public; yet the existing companies enjoyed a complete monopoly, not of the land alone on which the roads ran, but of the traffic; the legislature and the government were therefore bound to watch with jealousy the interests of the public: it would require a very strong case to warrant the government in purchasing a railway, and undertaking the management of it; still the power of so doing might be necessary as an alternative; the law proposed would be used, primarily, in the way of revising fares and restraining profits; it must operate to prevent exorbitance and combination. Sir Robert Peel was obliged to consent to an adjournment of the debate. The whig oracles, the *Chronicle* and the *Globe*, lost no time in waging the fiercest war on the bill.

The debate on the railways bill was resumed on the 11th with increased animation. Mr. Bright, the anti-corn law league orator, reprobated it as a concession of dangerous power to the government;

he was sure that the incomes of the railroad proprietors did not average more than five per cent. ; none of the government departments or establishments were as well managed as the railways. He said :—

"The London and Birmingham Railway alone employed from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, with salaries varying from £70 to £1,000, and they spent more than £200,000 for wages, stores, tools, and a variety of other expenditure. The Great Western Railway must pay more than this ; and if all this influence fell into the hands of the executive government, would it not affect the freedom of the constituencies of those places through which the railroads passed !"

Mr. Bernal followed with the remark that the poor were the most benefited by the new conveyance, and that the government scheme for power would arrest private enterprise. Competition would suffice for the reduction of fares. Railways in Great Britain, though they cost thirty-two thousand pounds sterling per mile, were much cheaper to travel by than those of France, Belgium, or America—a gross mistake, by the way. Mr. Charles Buller delivered the most energetic or vehement and plausible speech in opposition. He dealt in grand hyperboles about the ominousness of the bill as a precedent of executive interference or usurpation. "Before long, the English people would be declared incapable of doing any act for themselves, and commissioners appointed to cut their meat for them. The whole present system of railways would be altered by the introduction of the atmospheric principle, now sanctioned by the highest authorities in practical science." Sir Robert Peel advocated the bill. He mentioned that in one case of a railway the expense before a committee amounted to no less a sum than one hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds sterling ! In regard to the faculty of purchasing, he continued :—

"It was not the intention of the government to exercise an indiscriminate power of purchase, but it was considered necessary to reserve that power as a check on possible extortion. He contended that the power granted to parliament by this bill was a power which it ought to have. Then, as regarded the transmission of letters by railways, it was the duty of parliament to see that that was completely under the control of government. As regarded the carrying of the humbler classes, he thought it was the duty of parliament to see that these persons should be conveyed to the place of destination safely and comfortably, and at the lowest possible price. Upon this part of the subject he begged to refer to the report of the French Chambers, and this report recommended that there should be third-class covered carriages for the advantage of the humbler classes."

The bill passed to a second reading by a vote of one hundred and eighty-six to ninety-eight. Our Paris journals quote the debate, *pro* and *con*.

From the Athenæum.

MISCELLANY.

LETTERS have been received by Captain Grover from Dr. Wolff, written in the desert, only three or four days' journey from Bokhara. The doctor has received great kindness from the Kaleefa Abd Arrahman, who is described as the spiritual guide of the king of Bokhara, and is dignified by the title of Majesty. "He has given me," writes the doctor, "letters to the king of Bokhara, and tells me positively that Stoddard is alive, Conolly not quite certain. No public execution had taken place of either of them ! I am his guest ; he has just now entered my room, (this was at Mero,) and showed me a letter he had written to the king of Bokhara, stating that it is of the highest importance that Stoddard and Conolly should be given up to me, and reparation made to England for the insult, and not to keep me longer than three days. This letter is to be dispatched by an express Turcoman, and will reach Bokhara before me. His Majesty also sends with me one of his own relations, to introduce me properly to the king of Bokhara." But in an address to Missionary Societies, received by the same packet, the doctor writes less hopefully. He therein observes :—"Since I left Teheran, the prospects of my finding, well and alive and free, my friends Stoddard and Conolly, become, with the progress of my journey towards Bokhara, dimmer and dimmer, and daily more cloudy. I find everywhere, it is true, people who tell me that both are alive, and it is also a fact that no public execution has been witnessed at Bokhara ; and it is also true that the Kaleefa, the holy dervish of the Mowr, whose hospitable tent I left yesterday, escorted by one of his relations, and other Turcomans, towards Bokhara, tells me that Stoddard certainly was alive ; but it is also certain that if they are alive, they must sigh in the miserable prison called Harum Seray. * * In case that you should not learn, after my arrival at Bokhara, that both Conolly and Stoddard are dead, and even my own head has fallen by the hand of the ruler of Bokhara, I beseech you, then, to exert all your powers for some higher purpose, for some more noble purpose than avenging the death of those excellent and gallant officers and other Europeans—I mean, exert your powers, then, for the purpose of ransoming two hundred thousand Persian slaves, and several Italians, as Giovanni, the watch-maker, &c. And I also beseech you to learn, should you hear of my own execution, that there was a Jew who has been enabled, by God's grace, to expose his life for the purpose of saving the lives of Gentiles. And you, noble relations of my beloved Georgiana, should you hear that my head has fallen at Bokhara, be kind to my wife, and to my dear son."

THE papers make mention of a piece of good fortune lately befallen Mr. Leigh Hunt, with which, we are sure, our readers will heartily sympathize ; not merely for the ease of mind which it ensures to an old literary friend, in the autumn of his life, but for the lustre which is thereby reflected on other and honored names. The facts we believe to be these :—Only two or three days before his untimely death, Percy Bysshe Shelley mentioned to his wife his intention of making some provision for Mr. Hunt, should he ever succeed to the family property. On the death of Sir Timothy, almost the first act of the grandson, the present Sir F. Percy Shelley, was to fulfil the intentions of his father, and settle an annuity of £130 a-year on Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and the survivor.

On the strength, we presume and hope, of former success, Mr. Kemble has commenced a new course of Shakspearian readings. In the present state of the stage, these readings are nearly all that remain to give an idea of the old acted drama ; and they are, on that account, of especial value to young people.

While every girl is expected to sit down to the piano and sing for the entertainment of friends, not one in fifty, no, nor one in five hundred, is capable of reading a song with anything like dramatic effect; how, then, is it possible they can sing it? for singing is but another and more emphatic form of reading. The difficulties, we admit, are greater than might be at first supposed; the difficulty, indeed, of reading one of Shakspeare's plays greater, perhaps, than stage personation; for the actor has but to preserve the self-consistency of a particular character, whereas the reader must mark distinctly the character of each and all the dramatis personæ, and contrast them even in the most subordinate parts. But the admitted difficulty only makes the preliminary study all the more necessary.

A MINIATURE of Milton has recently come to light, and become the property of the Duke of Buccleugh, who purchased it for one hundred guineas.—“It was sold a few weeks since,” says our informant, “among some rubbishy paintings, by Mr. Foster, which had been imported from France, and had belonged to a Mr. Villiers, a deceased English resident at Tours. The miniature was bought at Mr. Foster's sale for 2l. 10s. in an apparently dirty and dilapidated state, which veiled, but did not absolutely hide its delicate execution. It was called a portrait of ‘Milton,’ but considered of doubtful authenticity. Upon examining it, when taken from its old frame, the monogram of S. C., (Samuel Cooper,) one of the earliest and best of our miniature painters, was found in slight lines at the right hand of the portrait. Some old French paper and gold-beaters' skin were carefully peeled from the back of it, and the following inscription was discovered—‘Milton—painted by Samuel Cooper.’ The miniature bears a general likeness to the portraits of the great poet, taken after his blindness—but has a finer, more youthful, and more elevated expression. The ordinary portraits of Milton represent him more like the preacher of a conventicle, than an inspired poet: not so this miniature, which I judge to have been taken about the period of his holding office as Latin Secretary, and therefore before his loss of sight. The poet wears a black suit with a lace collar: no hands are shown. This is the second miniature known to exist, the other being at Rokeby. Like the miniatures of the time, it is painted chiefly in body colors, with that great freedom and flowing touch for which Cooper's miniatures are distinguished. The hair at the temple is slightly damaged, but in other respects it is in very fair condition. It may now be seen at Messrs. Dominic Colnaghi's, where it remains for a short time before it goes to the engravers.”

MANY questions have been asked of us as to the pecuniary circumstances of the late Thomas Campbell, and a general impression appears to prevail that, latterly, he labored under pecuniary difficulties. We sincerely believe that there is no just ground for any such fears. Words dropped by Mr. Campbell have, indeed, been urged as proof to the contrary; but the poet, like all of “his tribe,” had his peculiarities, and amongst them were a strange forethinking in respect to money matters. Without the slightest disposition to ostentation or idle expense, he had such a horror of dependence, with the accompanying poverty, that he was ever anxious about the future. But for a widower with only one child, Mr. Campbell's certain income was sufficient for his very moderate requirements; he had a pension of £200 a-year from government. The interest of £5000 in the funds for his life, the profits from the sale of his Poems, two or three editions of which, have been sold within the last few years, and whatever he could realize from his editorial and literary labors. Now judging of his position by the fortunes of literary men generally, it is impos-

sible to believe that Mr. Campbell was in difficulties. His removal to France was merely to enable a niece who had just come to reside with him, to acquire a knowledge of the French language, and other educational advantages.

WE hear that Mr. Prout, the veteran water-color artist, has left his retirement at Hastings in renovated health, and is about to resume his profession in the metropolis.—Recent accounts from Cairo make mention of Mr. John Lewis having become so completely Turkish in his habits that there appears no prospect of his return to his native country; but he has not discontinued the use of his pencil, having accumulated a store of sketches of the oriental subjects with which he is surrounded.

UPWARDS of £1000 of the sum wanting to complete the Edinburgh Monument to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott, has been produced by a “Waverley Ball,” held, in London, at Willis' Rooms, and attended by 1,438 persons, including many of the most distinguished names in society. A procession of the characters in the Waverley Novels made a portion of the evening's entertainments.

THE Prussian king is about to add the “Eumenides,” of Æschylus, to the number of revivals of the ancient Greek drama, which have taken place, by his direction, at the palace-theatre of Potsdam. The German translation, for the purpose, will be made by the Hellenist, Herr Donner; and Meyerbeer has undertaken the composition of the music.

FROM Paris, we learn, that M. Prisse, who has resided for some years in Egypt, has sent home a monument of great value, obtained from the ruins of Karnac—the bas-reliefs from the hall of the ancestors of Moëris. These bas-reliefs contain in two compartments, about 60 portraits of the ancient Pharaohs,—ranged in the order of their dynastic succession.

MR. ROWLAND HILL.—The merits of the post-office reformer richly deserve the public acknowledgment which they are now receiving. Late disclosures will serve to suggest some possible reasons why his task was more than usually difficult, and why he so constantly met with departmental obstructions, and was anxiously sent adrift at the earliest opportunity. Post-office arrangements are more complicated than the public suspected. Popular odium, however, has been roused, the discipline of popular ridicule administered—activity is alive—*Punch* publishes his Anti-Graham envelopes, other speculators propose padlock wafers, and every stationer's shop teems with the letter motto, “Not to be Grahamed.” The national opinion has in every way been strongly and unequivocally expressed. Such reflections as these give a strong interest to the cast of a medallion of Mr. Rowland Hill, which we have just received. It is not only a good likeness, but has an artistic expression of meditateness, that adds to its value as the portrait of a public benefactor. The artist is Mr. Bernard Smith.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A society under the above title, for the study, restoration, and preservation of English antiquities, and particularly of ecclesiastical architecture, has been established in the course of the present year, and now consists of upwards of 600 members, including the names of six bishops, and several other high dignitaries of the church. It is intended to hold a general annual meeting on the plan of the British Association, the first of which will be held during the present month at Canterbury.

CHAPTER VI.—CATECHISM JACK.

My father was the parish doctor; and when he entered the surgery, Mr. Postle was making up a parish prescription. A poor, shabbily-dressed woman was waiting for the medicine, and a tall, foolish-looking lad was waiting for the poor woman. She was a widow, as it is called, without incumbrance, and had a cottage and some small means of her own, which she eked out, with the stipend allowed her by the overseers for taking charge of some infirm or imbecile pauper. The half-witted boy was her present ward.

"It's for Jacobs," said the woman, as my father glanced over the shoulder of his assistant at the prescription. "He gets wus and wus."

"Of course he does," said my father; "and will, whilst he takes those opium pills."

"So I tell him," said the woman,—"with his ague, and in a flat, marshy country like this, with water enough about to give any one the hydraulics."

"Hydroptics."

"Well, droptics. You want stimulusses, says I, and not nar—narcis—"

"Narcotics."

"Well, coties. But the poor people all take it. If it's their last penny, it goes for a pennorth of opie, as they call it, at Doctor Shackle's."

"I wonder he sells it," said my father.

"And asking your pardon, doctor," said the woman, "I wonder you don't. They say he makes a mint of money by it."

"Never!" said my father, with unusual emphasis—"never, if I want a shilling!"

"Talking of money," said the woman, "there's a report about goolden guineas, chucked last night by nobody knows who—for it was done in the dark—into the Hobbes' cottage. They have just lost their only child, you know."

The assistant suddenly checked the pestle with which he was pounding, and looked inquisitively at his principal, who fixed his eyes on the idiot boy.

"Well, my lad, and who are you?" inquired my father. "What's your name?"

"M. or N.," answered the boy, slowly dragging the wet forefinger, which he had withdrawn from his mouth, with a long snail-like trail along the counter.

"Fiddlesticks," exclaimed the woman, giving her charge a good shaking by the shoulder. "You've got another name besides that."

"Yes," drawled the boy, "some call me the Catechism Jack."

"Ah!—that's an odd name!" said my father. "Who gave it you?"

"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism," said Jack.

"No such thing, sir," said the woman; "it was the idle boys of the village, because he was always repeating on it; and, indeed, poor fellow, he can repeat nothing else."

"Then how did he get that?"

"Why you see, sir," said the woman, "between ourselves it was all along of his godmother."

"Ah!—indeed!" exclaimed my father, pricking up his ears at such an appendix to the recent discussion in the bedroom. "His godmother, eh?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tozer as was, for she's dead now, as well as his own mother; and that's how he came into my care. His mother went first, while he was in petticoats, and so Mrs. Tozer took charge of him, and sent him to the infant day-school."

She was a very strict woman in her religious principles, and so was the schoolmistress; and both made it a great pint for the children to be taught accordingly, which they was. Well, one day there they were, all in the school-room up one pair, and little Jack amongst the rest, the last of the row, a-setting on the very end of a long form close to the open door. Well, by-and-by the children were all called up to say Catechism; so up they all got at once, except Jack, who had been playing instead of getting his task by rote, which made him backward to rise than the rest,—when, lo! and behold! up tilts the form, like a rearing horse, and pitches Jack, heels over head, through the door and down the whole stone flight, where he was picked up at the bottom perfectly unsensible."

"Ah!—with a concussion of the brain," said my father.

"A contusion of the occiput," added Mr. Postle; "the spinal vertebræ excoriated, of course, and bruises on both patellæ."

"I don't know about that," said the woman, "but he had a lump on the back of his head as big as an egg; the nubbles of his back were rubbed raw, and his two kneepans were as black as a coal. It was thought, too, that his intellex were shook up into a muddle."

"No doubt of it," said my father.

"Well, to go on with Jack. At long and at last he came to, sore enough and smarting, as you may suppose, for he had been carried home to his godmother, and she had rubbed his wounds with sperrits and salt, which had got into the cuts. And now, Jack, says she, mark my words, and let them be a warning. It's a judgment of God upon you, says she, for not knowing your catechism; for if so be you had got it by heart, you would have riz with the rest, and then all this would never have happened. But it's a judgment upon you, says she, and the schoolmistress said the same thing; till between both the poor thing was so scared, he set to work, he did, at his catechism, and never rested, day or night, till he had got it by heart, as he has now, so thoroughly, you may dodge him, any how, backward or forward, and he won't miss a syllable. And that's how he come by it, sir, as well as the nickname: for, except catechism, which his head is too full of, I suppose, to hold anything else, he don't know a thing in the world."

"Poor fellow!" said my father, opening one of the surgery drawers. "Here, Jack, will you have a lozenge?"

"Yes, verily, and by God's help, so I will. And I heartily thank—"

"There, there, hush! go along with you," said the woman, giving her protégé a push towards the outer door, and then, taking up the medicine, with a nod of acknowledgment to Mr. Postle, and a curtesy to my father, she departed, her forlorn charge clinging to her garments, and muttering scraps of that formula which had procured for him the *sobriquet* of Catechism Jack.

CHAPTER VII.—A PATIENT.

"Poor creature!" muttered my father, carefully fishing a drowning fly out of the inkstand with the feather-end of a pen, and then laying the draggled insect to dry itself on the blotting-paper; "poor harmless, helpless creature!"

The assistant stopped his pounding, and looked inquisitively, first at the speaker, and then at the supposed object of his sympathy.

"I wonder," continued my father, still talking to himself, "if he would like to carry out the medicine?"

Mr. Postle hastily resumed his mortar practice, with an interjectional "Oh!"

"Job is gone, I suppose."

Mr. Postle pounded like mad.

"Job is gone, isn't he?" repeated my father.

"Yes, with the best livery."

"In that case," said my father, heedless of the best blue and drab, "we shall want another boy. And I am thinking, Postle, that yonder half-witted fellow might, perhaps, carry the basket as well as another."

"What, the catechism chap? Why, he's an idiot!"

"Or nearly so," said my father; "and, as such, shut out from the majority of the occupations by which lads of his rank in life obtain a livelihood. The greater the obligation, therefore, to prefer him to one of the few employments adapted to his twilight intelligence."

"What, to carry out the physic?"

"And why not?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Postle, but plying the pestle as if he would have pounded the mortar itself into a powder, "nothing at all. Only when an idiot carries out the physic, it's time to have a lunatic to make it up."

"Phoo! phoo!" said my father, "the boy has arms and legs, and quite head-piece enough for such simple work. At a verbal message, no doubt, he would blunder."

"Yes, wouldn't he?" said Mr. Postle. "Take of compliments and catechism, each a dram,—mix—shake well up—and administer."

"Like enough," said my father, "if one intrusted any verbal directions to his memory. But he goes on parish errands, and knows every house in the place; and might surely deliver a written label at the right door, as well as a printed notice."

"I wish," said Mr. Postle, gloomily, "there may be any to deliver. Our drugs *are* drugs! We hardly do a powder a day. The business is in a rapid decline, and in another month won't be worth a pinch of magnesia. There's the Great House gone already—and next we shall lose the parish."

"How!—the Great House!" exclaimed my father, with more anxiety and alarm than he had betrayed before about his simious patient. "Is the monkey dead, then?"

"Yes—of bronchitis."

"Poor child!" ejaculated my father.

"I should like to open him," said Mr. Postle.

"I hoped she was provided for," said my father, with a sigh.

"If you mean little Betty," said the assistant, "it is no loss to her,—at least to judge by Mother Hopkins' language."

"Why, what does she say?" asked my father, with a tone and look of unmitigated surprise.

"Only all that is bitter and acid. The ungrateful old hag! I should like to stop her mouth with a pitch-plaster!"

"Hush, hush!" whispered my father; and Postle did hush, for, confirming an old proverb, Mother Hopkins herself hobbled into the surgery, with foul weather on her face. Her lips were compressed—there was a red angry spot in the middle of each fallow cheek, and anger glimmered in her dark black eye, like a spark in a tinder-box. She spoke harshly and abruptly.

"I'm come to return the bottles."

"Very good!" said my father, receiving phial after phial from the cankered woman, with as much courtesy and humility as if he had been honored and obliged by her custom. "I hope the medicine has done you good. How is your lameness?"

"As bad as ever."

"I am sorry to hear it," said my father; "but your complaint is chronic, and requires time for its treatment. By-and-by we shall see an amendment."

"We shall see no such thing," said the shrew. "I arn't going to take any more physic."

"No!"

"No. It's good for nothing, or you would n't give it away gratis."

My father's face flushed slightly—as whose would not!—with so much physic thrown into it, though but metaphorically—all the draughts and embrocations he had supplied her with for the last six months! But the angry hue passed away long ere one could have washed off a splash of rose-water. It was hard for him to be long angry with any one,—impossible, with a decrepit woman, so poor, so sickly, and so ragged. One glance at her cooled the transient heat in an instant. As to speaking harshly to so much wretchedness, he would as soon have poured vitriol on her tatters. His words were still kind, his voice cordial, his smile genial.

"Well! and how is little Betty?"

"Little Betty's at home," replied the woman, with a short sharp twang in her tone that showed the very chord most out of tune had been struck upon. "She might have been at the Great House;—but, thank God, she isn't. She's not an animal!"

"You mean a beast!" suggested my father.

"I say she's not an animal,—nor shan't sleep with one. And a monkey, too—a nasty, filthy, basilicon monkey."

"Brazilian," muttered my father—"Brazilian."

"Well, Brazilian—an ugly, foreign, outlandish varmint!"

"Ah," exclaimed my father, "there's the prejudice! If the creature had been a little dog, now, or a kitten, or a squirrel, you would never have objected to it."

"Squirrels and kittens be hanged!" cried the old woman, waxing in wrath. "It an't the sort of creature—it an't the species; but the detriment to the juvenile constitution. A doctor might know better the valley of the natural warmth of the human body than to have it extracted by a brute beast."

My father was dumbfounded. The charge was so plausible, and couched in such set phrase, that he did not know what to think of it; but appealed, by a perplexed look, to his assistant.

"Prompted—put up to it," muttered Mr. Postle, in a characteristic *aside*. He had turned his back to the counter, and was apparently reading aloud the label on one of the drawers. The woman, in the mean time, thrust the last phial into the Doctor's hand as hastily as if it burnt her fingers.

"That's all the bottles," she said; "and there," throwing a paper bag on the counter—"there's the corks."

O Ingratitude!—marble-hearted fiend!—how hadst thou possessed that thankless woman with a demon, fit only, like those of old, to inhabit a swine. Weekly, daily, recalling the better times she had

known, she had bemoaned her inability to fee a physician, or pay an apothecary; daily, almost hourly, she had lamented the delicate constitution of her little Betty, and the impossibility of furnishing her with a better bed, more generous diet, and warmer garments,—wants for which, by will and deed, her benefactor had endeavored to provide; and to throw, in his very teeth, all his charitable unguents, lotions, composing draughts, and tonic mixtures, bottles and corks included, and then, in return, to pour on his benevolent head the full phials of her wrath, bitter as the waters of Marah, and corrosive as aqua fortis! It might have moved a saint! But there was in my father's nature so much of the milk of human kindness, and in that milk such a sweet butterish principle, that stirring his temper the wrong way seemed merely to oil it. Thus, when he responded again to the querulous ingrate, it was as the music of an Æolian harp in the parlor-window to a hurdy-gurdy at the area rails.

"Well, Well,—we need not quarrel, Mrs. Hopkins. The monkey is dead, and so there is no harm done. I meant all for the best, and hoped to do you a service. Little Betty would have been comfortably lodged, and well fed, and was to be warmly clothed from head to foot."

"Thank ye for nothing!" retorted the snappish

one. "I can clothe little Betty myself: and when she famishes for victuals and drink, and not afore, she shall sleep with apes, baboons, and orange outangs."

"Orang," said my father, *sotto voce*—"o-rang."

"Well—horang. I should like to see your own twins, I should, with a great wild man of the woods in their cradle!"

My father's lips moved to reply; but before he could utter a syllable he was forestalled by a noise like the groan of execration which is sometimes heard at a public meeting. All eyes turned in the direction of the sound; and lo! there stood Kezia, her mouth still open and round as that of a cannon, her eyes staring, her cheeks both of a crimson, her arms uplifted, and her hands clenched, with utter indignation. One of her many errands to the surgery had brought her just in time to overhear the atrocious wish that converted her, *pro tempore*, into a she-dragon. In another moment she confronted the cantankerous Mrs. Hopkins, who assumed an attitude of defiance, and plainly showed that if the flesh was weak the spirit was willing enough for the encounter. My father would fain have interfered, but was intreated, by signs and in a whisper, by Postle, not to "check the effervescence."

But the combatants shall have a chapter to themselves.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

ON HEARING OF THE RE-PUBLICATION OF THE WRITER'S FIRST LITERARY ESSAY IN AMERICA.

Oh, speak no more of future fame.
This throbbing heart to ease;
What woman, worthy of her name,
Could cling to such as these?

And tell me not my page is read
In that far distant land
Where erst the pilgrim fathers led
Their faint yet faithful band.

For, oh, my friend, my bleeding feet
Will never reach the goal;
And were it won, it *could* not meet
The wishes of my soul.

To man the laurel we allow—
His temples it adorns;
But placed on woman's lowlier brow
It proves a crown of thorns.

The lowly head that bends to bear,
Its burden could not grace:
The *only* woman fit to wear
Would deem it her disgrace!

Her home, her hope, her heart is found
Where she is loved and known;
There meekly, as on holy ground,
Her own bright wreath is won.

The gems that in her bosom shine,
She deemeth all too few

To hallow that domestic shrine
Her wishes hallow too!

Her heart must break before it burst
The bondage God imposed.
Fame comes when fate hath done its worst,
And heart and hope are closed!

The hot sirocco drinks the dew
That linger mid the flowers,
Before their bright-eyed petals lose
The light of morning hours!

The furnace-blast of sorrow dries
The springs of woman's hope,
Before her altered spirit tries
With loftier minds to cope.

One yearning look she casts behind,
Then rushes wildly on:
Who heedeth now the tears that blind
The bright yet blighted one!

Oh, lead her gently back again
To that *one* spot on earth,
Where fond affection weaves her chain,
And holier thoughts have birth!

It may not be!—her heart is changed—
Its earlier life is o'er:
The bounding pulses once deranged,
Beat healthfully no more!

• • • • •
The listening crowd her strains admire:
To them 'tis never known,
That ere a woman wake the lyre
Her woman's heart is gone!

THE PROPOSED PRUSSIAN COLONY IN TEXAS.—The Galveston Civilian gives the following account of the nature, objects and operations of the German Association for planting a colony in Texas:—

The management of the affairs of the association has been entrusted to Count de Castel, a distinguished military officer, holding a commission in the service of Austria, and at present at Mayence, the seat of the confederation. The object is to introduce into this country from six to ten thousand agriculturists from the surplus population of Germany. This measure has been determined upon from information furnished by Count L—, from which it was decided by the distinguished and philanthropic personages engaged in the enterprise, that Texas presented the best field for the prosecution of their designs for the improvement of the condition of their people, by removing the excess of population to a new country, presenting an extended field for labor and enterprise, and thus benefitting both those who go and those who remain. The object is to provide those who emigrate with all the means necessary to sustain them until their industry has been made available for their own support in this new field, and also properly to direct that industry. Liberal overtures were made to the company, both in Brazil and Guatemala, for colonization in those countries; but Texas was preferred, both on account of its soil and climate, but more particularly from its institutions and the hardy and enterprising character of its inhabitants, and its promising prospects. Count de Castel has succeeded in obtaining the support of the King of Prussia to this enterprise, and, at the last accounts, was about to secure the coöperation of the Emperor of Austria. It is worthy of mention that Col. Dangerfield, the agent of this government in Germany, has contributed materially to the success of this enterprise, as well as in promoting an interest in the affairs of this country generally, in the States of the Germanic Confederation.

THE GREAT WEST.—It is but a little while since the West began. Many men yet living can remember when this great valley was a wilderness, and the Mississippi a desolation, navigated by canoes and fishes only; when Detroit, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, were not, and when New Orleans was but a small settlement. Within the last few years the West has burst out with an amazing quantity of products, which have overwhelmed the places and means of transportation and the markets of sale, and yet it is quite evident that all this is but the preparation for the beginning. This nineteenth century is the only century which seems to have done the world any good in the way of arts and commerce.—It is but fifty-three years since the first cotton was shipped from this country, packed in a few old sugar hogsheads, and now it leads the commerce of the world. The lead which comes down the Mississippi has already closed the mines of the old world, from whence our supplies formerly came; and in oils, the western hog is running hard competition with the whale and the olive tree. Hemp and wool will very soon, it is evident, be articles of large exportation, so that in these two great articles also we shall change our attitude from that of buyers to that of sellers.

In the transit of produce down and merchandise

up the Mississippi, there has hitherto been great confusion, damage and loss, from the want of system and suitable accommodations. The ship and the steamer were often far apart, making heavy expenses of drayage; the mud of the levee and the rains damaged the packages, and often the goods. The trouble of sending grain was very great; and when brought in the form of flour and meal, it was half of it sour. A remedy for all this has been commenced, we are glad to know, in the erection of vast warehouses on the opposite side of the river from New Orleans, where cargoes may be discharged and taken in under cover, with dispatch and at small expense.

One warehouse has already been erected 667 feet in length and 120 in depth, with sufficient wharf-room for two or three ships and as many steamboats. Here is room to put grain in bags, to sort and arrange cargoes, and in general to reduce a broad chaos into efficient order. The wheat of the Valley, with such accommodations, may be brought safely to New York and Boston, where mills of unsurpassed excellence are and will be erected, and the cities and neighborhood supplied in bags, with an important saving of expense and trouble. This new state of things, we have reason to know, has attracted the attention of the ever-watchful Bostonians. Of course, a business so vast as that of the Mississippi must and will organize for itself all the accommodations which are necessary to its success.

The following table shows how great the increase of receipts at New Orleans has been in ten years:

	Whole of 1833-4.	10 mos. of 1843-4.
Cotton, bales,	462,252	820,488
Pork, bbls.,	91,985	411,252
Tobacco, hhds.,	24,931	68,197
Hemp, bundles,	32	35,015
Lead, pigs,	203,100	502,047
Beef, bbls.,	5,455	49,143
Feathers, bags,	361	4,263
Lard, kegs,	199,254	358,534
Do., bbls.,	2,359	118,715
Flour, bbls.,	320,660	466,388
Cheese, casks,	117	11,124
Pork in bulk, lbs.,	2,503,860	7,792,000

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A DEAD FOREST.—In one of Mr. Field's felicitous sketches of "Prairie and Mountain Life," occurs the following striking passage, descriptive of a scene among what are called the Wind River Mountains:—

A scene here opened upon us, such as we had never before conceived, and perhaps quite impossible to convey in description. A "petrified forest" formed the subject of our last sketch. Here was found something not so strange in reality, but full as startling and singular to the eye. Thick forests covered the mountain, half the trees standing, half of them prostrate, and every one *dead*. Not a particle of bark remained among all these ghost-like remnants of a gigantic, but now blasted and extinct vegetation. The huge rocks were swept bare of earth by the violent winds from which this chain derives its name. Nothing met the eye in any direction but naked granite and blasted trees. A feeling of intense awe chilled through our veins and crept into our hearts as we gazed round upon a scene that forced

into the mind a new and vast conception of desolation in sublimity! Big rain drops were still beating against us with the force of hailstones, as they were driven almost horizontally across the bleak mountain top by the screaming wind. The tall pines, leafless, barkless, and branchless, stood in gaping clefts and fissures, pointing their spires into the sky, like ghostly fingers upbraiding their destroyer! Many were pulpy with rottenness, though still standing, upheld by the firm twining of their roots among the rocks. Those that had fallen seemed as though they had crumbled to their descent without a crash, so silent was everything except the fierce wind, to which the white spectres appeared listening, in desolate grandeur, as it flew over the mountains, screaming the requiem of giants gone! We had never before seen, and only once read, of a spectacle so singularly wild and strange as this. It was darkness in day! It was midnight without moon, stars, or obscurity! It was the hush of death over Nature, and the sun yet rolling! It seemed all that should be vague, and nothing that could be real! It was something resembling an actual presentment of Byron's appalling conception of the death of motion:

"Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd,
They slept on the abyss without a surge!"

Just so these rotten pines seemed to have fallen,
"piecemeal," and without a sound.

TOO LATE.

Too late—too late! how heavily that phrase
Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear,
Telling of slighted duties, wasted days;
Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear,
Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like
these

The worldling's callous heart must penetrate—
All that he might have been in thought he sees,
And sorrows o'er his wreck too late.

Too late—too late! the prodigal who strays
Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;
The cold and false deceiver who betrays
The trusting heart he fondly hoped to win;
The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,
And left in age despised and desolate,—
All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,
Yet struggle to retrieve the past too late.

Too late—too late! O dark and fatal ban,
Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage!
There is—there is! but seek it not from man;
Seek for the healing balm in God's own page;
Read of thy Saviour's love, to him repair—
He looks with pity on thy guilty state;
Kneel at his throne in deep but fervent prayer—
Kneel and repent, ere yet it is too late.

Too late—too late! that direful sound portends
Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain;
Thou may'st have lost the confidence of friends,
The love of kindred thou may'st ne'er regain:
But there is One above who marks thy tears,
And opens for thee salvation's golden gate:
Come, then, poor mourner, cast away thy fears,
Believe and enter—it is not too late!

Mrs. Abby.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.*—BY HORACE SMITH.

'T is well to see these accidental Great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,
And doing homage to a bard,
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starr'd,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was
sign'd.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrequited,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.
The builders of the pyramids, who rear'd
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own,
Long as the world endures his greatness shall
proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?
'T is his to give, and not derive renown.
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?
Poets outlast their tombs: the bust
And statue soon revert to dust;
The dust they represent still wears the laurel
crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,
Form'd to await the final day of doom;
The cluster'd shafts, and arch-supported roof,
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,
Become a ruin'd, shatter'd fane,
May fall and bury him again,
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still
shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
Of elder poets that were group'd around,
Lean'd from their pedestals with eager eyes,
To peer into the excavated ground,
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,
While earth from Kosciusko's grave,
Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking
sound.†

And over him the kindred dust was strew'd
Of Poets' Corner. O misnomer strange!
The poet's confine is the amplitude
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,
Shedding an intellectual light,
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no
change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
As if to form a halo o'er his head,
Not few of England's master spirits stood,
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
To wave each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeable year,
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend.
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

* He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, his pall being supported by six noblemen.

† "And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."—Campbell.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

An Index for the first Volume will accompany that for the second, and be sent to subscribers in No. 24.

The arrangements necessary for a permanent change of residence, added to the business connected with a new publication, have caused a temporary cessation of this weekly correspondence.

Messrs. T. H. Carter & Co. having undertaken the publishing department, Mr. Littell will be able uninterruptedly to give his attention to the compilation. He has felt that his whole time was necessary to this object. Now that the experiment has proved successful, and the *Living Age* may be expected to go on for many years, with a continual increase in the number of its readers, the Editor hopes that he may become a useful servant of the public. He especially fixes his ambition upon the probability of influencing a part of the rising generation by spreading before them matter of such variety as may quicken the intellect, and of such a nature as will be favorable to good taste and sound principles. If he can accomplish this object, he will have secured for future years the favorable opinions and assistance of those who will then be influential in society, and will best have shown his gratitude to the distinguished names which recommended the work in advance.

The late arrivals from Europe have brought many speculations as to the probable effect of the quarrel between France and Morocco. The Spanish feud with that Barbary power had fallen into comparative obscurity, although it appears that Spain, acting under the guidance of France, was collecting an army to punish the Moors for executing a Spanish consul. The Mediterranean is about to become the theatre of great events: Russia will soon break into that sea; becoming mistress of Constantinople. England will be the ruler of Egypt; thus connecting herself with her Indian, or, as we must now say, her Asiatic empire. And probably France may take, as her portion, the whole of Barbary.

When Africa shall be penetrated in all directions, the Slave Trade may perhaps be cut up at the root—and it begins to be felt in England that all attempts at abolishing it by treaty stipulations are ineffectual, while the endeavor to extend and enforce these treaties keeps up a general irritation, and makes the danger of war perpetual. Earnestly sympathizing in the labors of the Friends of the Human Race, we have looked for the attainment of their object, more by the extension of Christianity, and the operation of enlightened self-interest, than by direct force or violent contention.

It seems uncertain what will be the result of the proceedings of the French at Tahiti, whence they have expelled Mr. Pritchard, who had been the English consul. The inflammable state of French politics, and especially the soreness which exists with reference to England, has made it no light difficulty for the invaluable King of the French to keep the peace so long.

The Spectator says:—

"If France and England were at the mercy of their respective servants in Polynesia, they would incontinently go to war. Lord Palmerston or M. Thiers would assuredly have contrived an 'armed peace' out of the new occasion: but Mr. Guizot and Sir Robert Peel, falling in with the temper of the times, are the least likely of all statesmen to stoop to that folly. The French officers in Tahiti, intoxicated by their adventurous conquest of the island, have burlesqued the absolute powers for disposing of all things attributed in melodramas to victors; they have deposed Queen Pomaré, seized Mr. Pritchard, the British missionary-merchant-consul, and sent him off, and have placed part of the island under martial law! Luckily, France disavowed the absurdities of Admiral Duperre and his punctilios about flags and cocoa-nut leaves; and to disavow the puerilities of M. D'Aubigny and M. Bruat, follows as matter of course. The demand for satisfaction, therefore, made formally but not hostilely by the British government, can scarcely be met in any but a decorous spirit. Could not the two countries, however, manage to send out men of sense and discretion to represent them in Polynesia?—In Tahiti, just now, such a

into the mind a new and vast conception of desolation in sublimity! Big rain drops were still beating against us with the force of hailstones, as they were driven almost horizontally across the bleak mountain top by the screaming wind. The tall pines, leafless, barkless, and branchless, stood in gaping clefts and fissures, pointing their spires into the sky, like ghostly fingers upbraiding their destroyer! Many were pulpy with rottenness, though still standing, upheld by the firm twining of their roots among the rocks. Those that had fallen seemed as though they had crumbled to their descent without a crash, so silent was everything except the fierce wind, to which the white spectres appeared listening, in desolate grandeur, as it flew over the mountains, screaming the requiem of giants gone! We had never before seen, and only once read, of a spectacle so singularly wild and strange as this. It was darkness in day! It was midnight without moon, stars, or obscurity! It was the hush of death over Nature, and the sun yet rolling! It seemed all that should be vague, and nothing that could be real! It was something resembling an actual presentment of Byron's appalling conception of the death of motion:

"Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd,
They slept on the abyss without a surge!"

Just so these rotten pines seemed to have fallen,
"piecemeal," and without a sound.

TOO LATE.

Too late—too late! how heavily that phrase
Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear,
Telling of slighted duties, wasted days;
Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear,
Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like
these

The worldling's callous heart must penetrate—
All that he might have been in thought he sees,
And sorrows o'er his wreck too late.

Too late—too late! the prodigal who strays
Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;
The cold and false deceiver who betrays
The trusting heart he fondly hoped to win;
The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,
And left in age despised and desolate,—
All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,
Yet struggle to retrieve the past too late.

Too late—too late! O dark and fatal ban,
Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage!
There is—there is! but seek it not from man;
Seek for the healing balm in God's own page;
Read of thy Saviour's love, to him repair—
He looks with pity on thy guilty state;
Kneel at his throne in deep but fervent prayer—
Kneel and repent, ere yet it is too late.

Too late—too late! that direful sound portends
Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain;
Thou may'st have lost the confidence of friends,
The love of kindred thou may'st ne'er regain:
But there is One above who marks thy tears,
And opes for thee salvation's golden gate:
Come, then, poor mourner, cast away thy fears,
Believe and enter—it is not too late!

Mrs. Abby.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.*—BY HORACE SMITH.

'T is well to see these accidental Great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,
And doing homage to a bard,
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starr'd,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was
sign'd.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.
The builders of the pyramids, who rear'd
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own,
Long as the world endures his greatness shall
proclaim.

What landing sepulchre does Campbell want?
'T is his to give, and not derive renown.
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?
Poets outlast their tombs: the bust
And statue soon revert to dust;
The dust they represent still wears the laurel
crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,
Form'd to await the final day of doom;
The cluster'd shafts, and arch-supported roof,
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,
Become a ruin'd, shatter'd fane,
May fall and bury him again,
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still
shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
Of elder poets that were group'd around,
Lean'd from their pedestals with eager eyes,
To peer into the excavated ground,
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,
While earth from Kosciusko's grave,
Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking
sound.†

And over him the kindred dust was strew'd
Of Poets' Corner. O misnomer strange!
The poet's confine is the amplitude
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,
Shedding an intellectual light,
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no
change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
As if to form a halo o'er his head,
Not few of England's master spirits stood,
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
To wave each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeful year,
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend.
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

* He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey,
his pall being supported by six noblemen.

† "And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."—Camp-
bell.